

# CRIMES by WOMEN

APR.  
10c

YOU'RE NOT  
TAKING ME  
IN, COPPER!

WHY YOU RED-  
HEADED WILDCAT !!

CRIME  
NEVER  
PAYS!

TRUE CRIME STORIES



# CRIMES BY WOMEN

THE CLIENTELE AT THE CLUB FLAMINGO, WHERE GEORGIA LAMONT WORKED IN CHORUS, WAS ORDINARILY NOT OF THE TYPE WHICH EXCITED AN AMBITIOUS GIRL---A GIRL WHO WAS AFTER---

**"THE BIG MONEY"**

THESE MUGS COME IN HERE AND EXPECT A FREE INTRODUCTION FOR THE PRICE OF A MEAL! THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING, THOUGH!! LITTLE GEORGIA ISN'T FALLING FOR ANY TWO-BIT HOODLUM!!



THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK, GEORGIA!! YOU'LL GET OUT OF THIS DUMP AND AND SHOW THESE TIN HORN ROMEO'S.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! CAN'T THEY EVER LEAVE US LADIES ALONE!!



GOT A PACKAGE HERE FOR MISS GEORGIA LAMONT! GUY TOLD ME TO GIVE IT TO YOU PERSONALLY!

P. PACKAGE-- FOR M-ME?? WHAT COULD ANYONE SEND ME-- HERE??

W-WHY--IT'S ROSES! SOME GUY SENDING ROSES TO GEORGIA!

YEAH-- THE AGE OF CHIVALRY AIN'T DEAD AFTER ALL!

W-WHO IS IT FROM, GEORGIA? READ THE CARD!!

"BEST WISHES-- AND HOW ABOUT SOME DINNER AFTER THE SHOW? SIGNED, DANNY MERRIT-- THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS!!"

I'VE HEARD OF HIM-- SEEMS TO ME HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE A LOT OF DOUGH OR SOMETHING!!



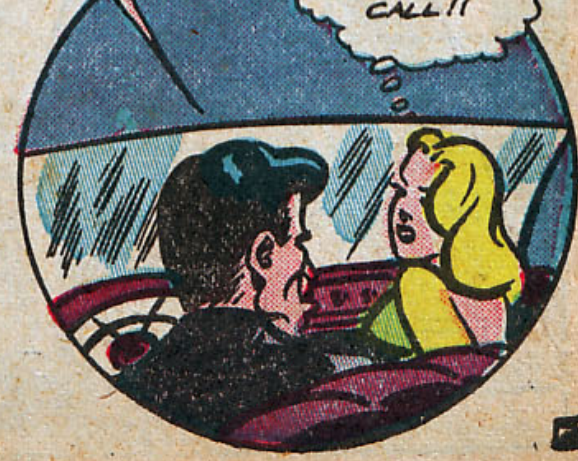
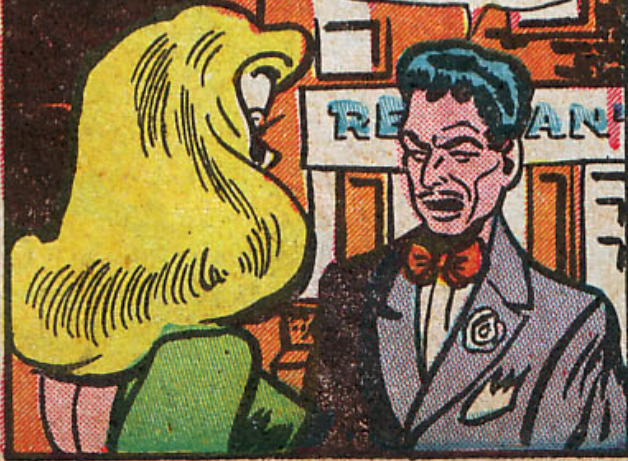
GEORGIA LAMONT WAS ALWAYS PROUD OF THE FACT THAT SHE COULD "SMELL MONEY A MILE AWAY" AS SHE PUT IT-- AND AT THE HINT THAT DANNY MERRIT HAD A GOODLY SHARE OF THE STUFF--- SHE BECAME INTERESTED IN HIS OFFER---

SO---YOU-- YOU'RE DANNY MERRIT!

YEP-- IN THE FLESH! BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A WEEK--- !! FINALLY GOT UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO SEND YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING AND--- ASK YOU FOR A DATE!

SURE IS NICE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU TO ACCEPT MY INVITATION WITHOUT EVEN BEING INTRODUCED, MISS LAMONT!!

THIS GUY-- HE SOUNDS LIKE A REAL DOPE FROM THE STICKS! FOR A STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY, HE SURE DOESN'T HAVE A WOLF CALL!!





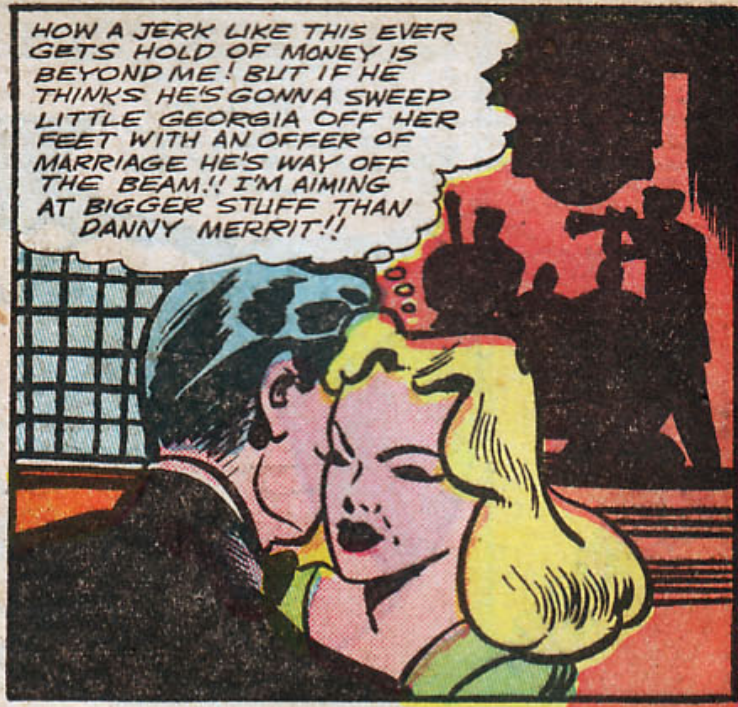
# CRIMES BY WOMEN

A GAL LIKE YOU, GEORGIA-- YOU'RE MUCH TOO GOOD FOR THAT DUMP YOU WORK IN-- IT'S A CRYING SHAME YOU HAVE TO WORK THERE!

THE SAME OLD BLARNEY AFTER ALL! HE WANTS TO TAKE ME OUT OF THE FLAMINGO---GIVE ME WHAT I DESERVE!! WHAT A LAUGH!!



HOW A JERK LIKE THIS EVER GETS HOLD OF MONEY IS BEYOND ME! BUT IF HE THINKS HE'S GONNA SWEEP LITTLE GEORGIA OFF HER FEET WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE HE'S WAY OFF THE BEAM!! I'M AIMING AT BIGGER STUFF THAN DANNY MERRIT!!



BETTER GET YOU HOME EARLY, GEORGIA, --- OH OH! SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE MOTOR!!

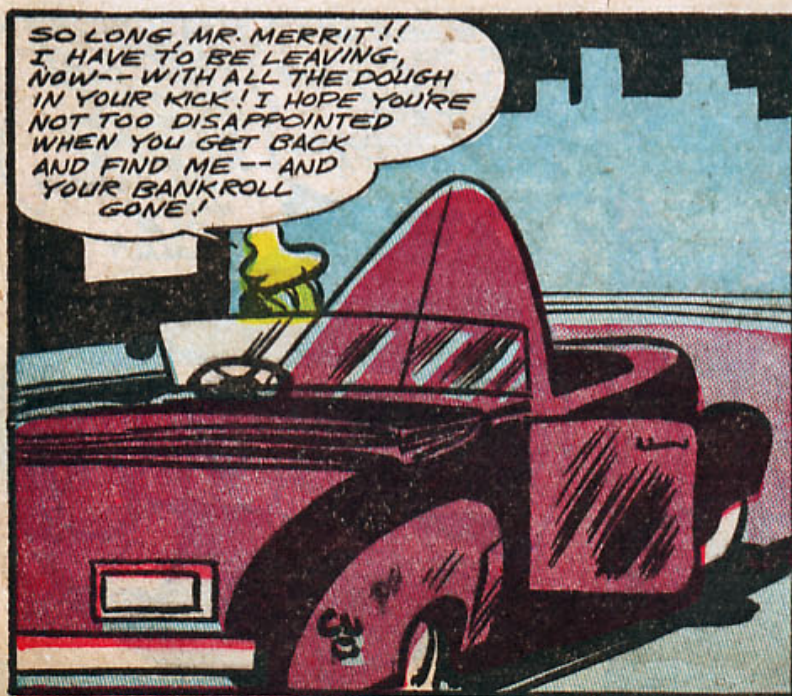
THIS GUY IS REALLY CRUDE --- TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH THAT OLD DODGE. HIS CAR IS STALLED --- AND BEFORE I BLINK AN EYE, WE'RE IN A CLINCH, HEH?

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, GEORGIA-- LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO HIKE TO THE NEAREST GAS STATION AND GET HELP!! MY WALLETS IN MY COAT POCKET----- TAKE CARE OF IT, WILL YOU!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT ALL RIGHT-- WHAT A SIMPLETON! IMAGINE --- LEAVING GEORGIA LAMONT WITH AN OVERSTUFFED WALLET, THIS IS TERRIF!!

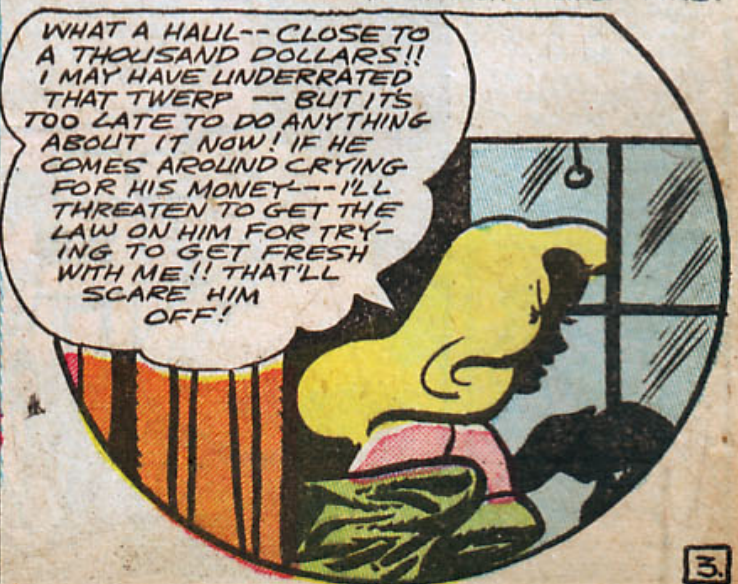


SO LONG, MR. MERRIT!! I HAVE TO BE LEAVING, NOW-- WITH ALL THE DOUGH IN YOUR KICK! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOO DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOU GET BACK AND FIND ME -- AND YOUR BANKROLL GONE!



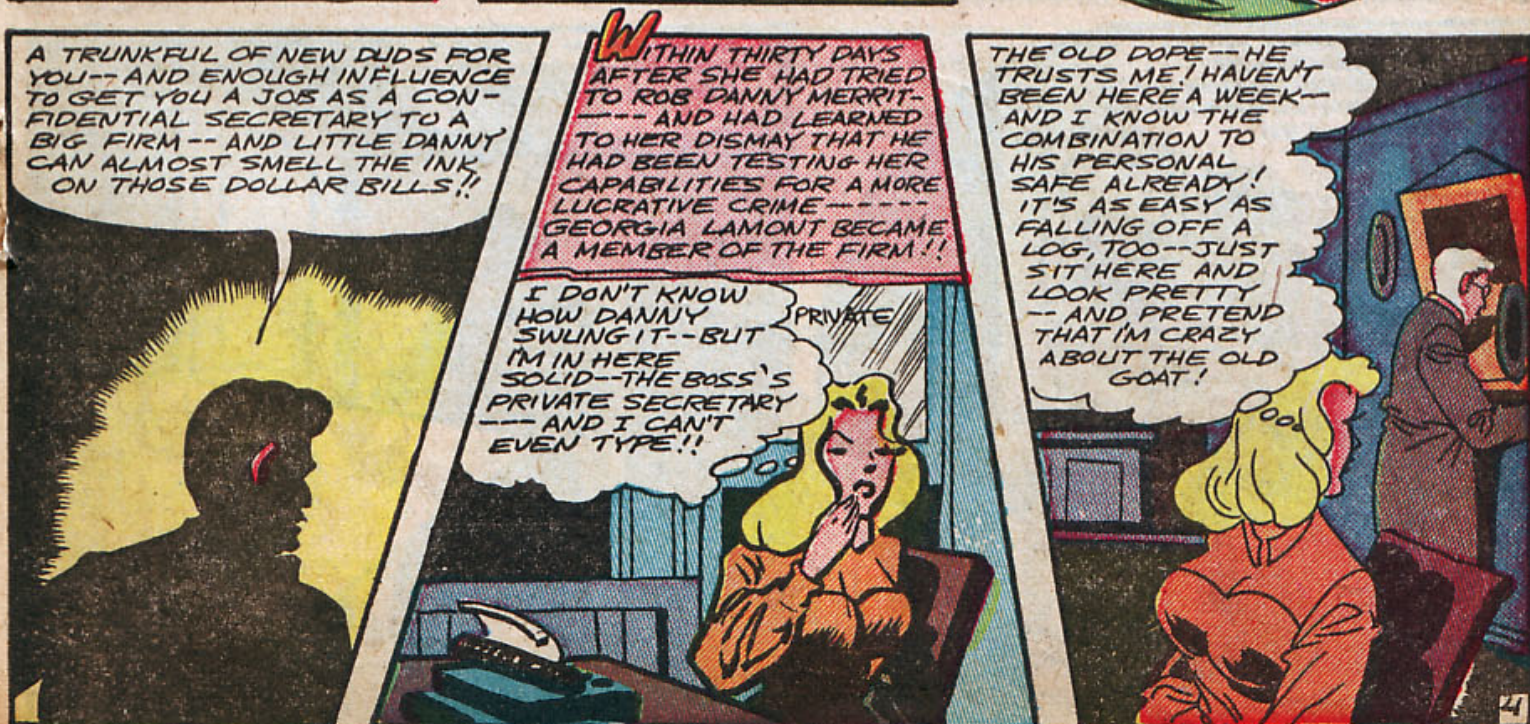
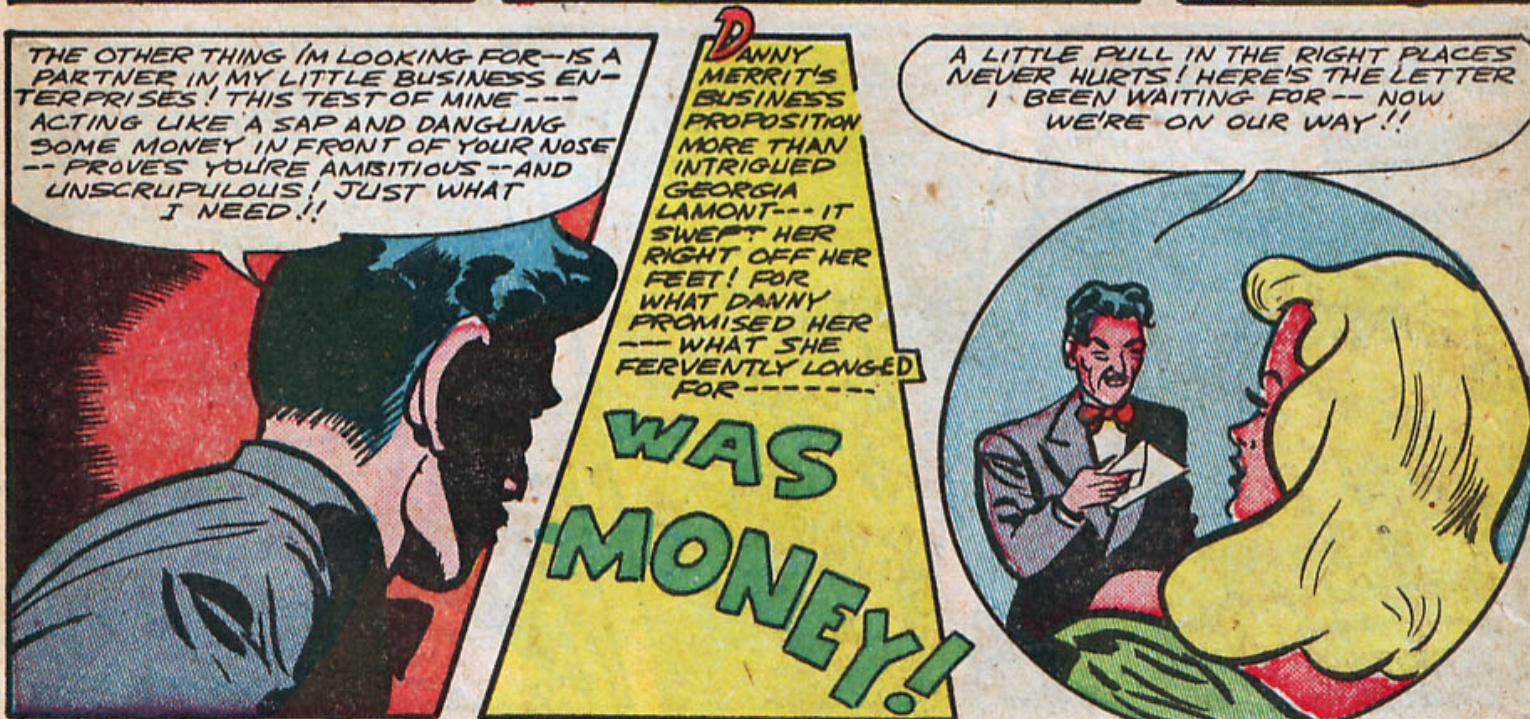
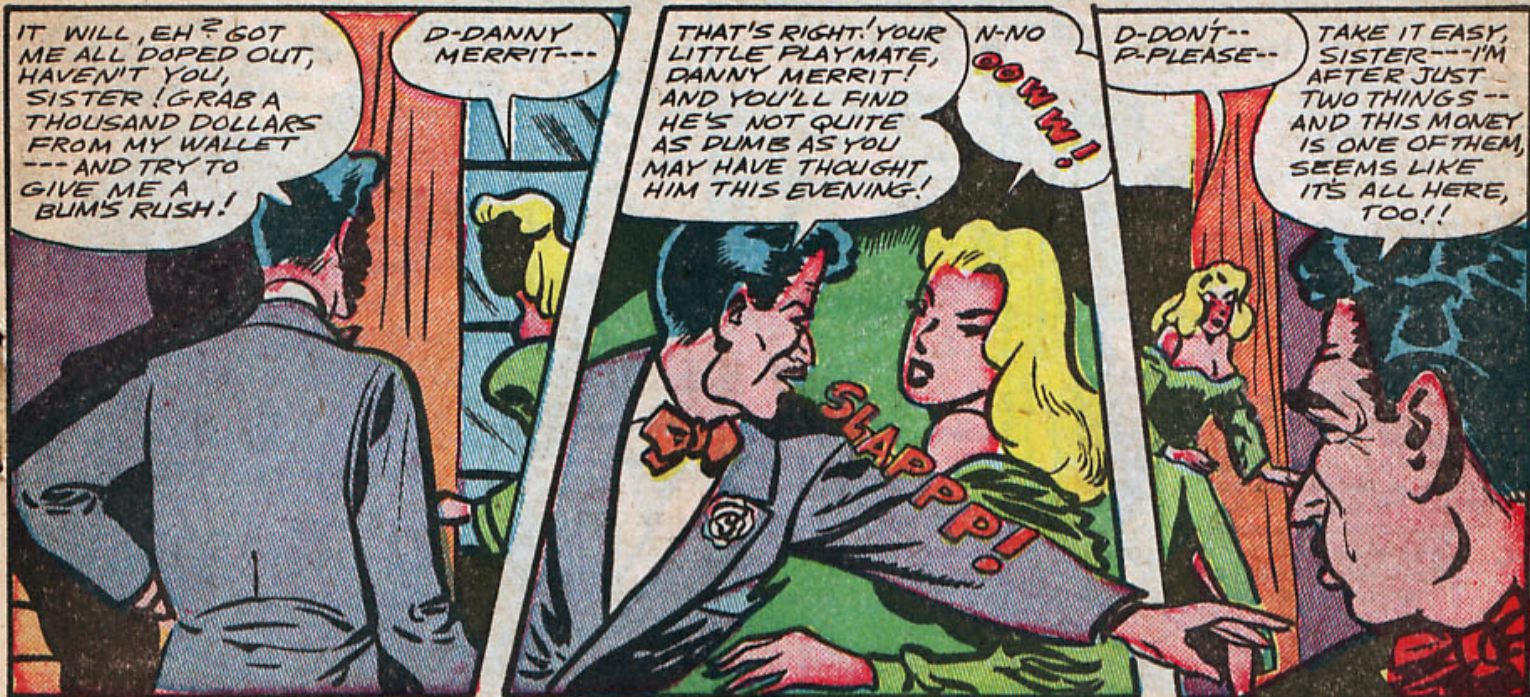
GEORGIA LAMONT TRUDGED BACK TO TOWN THAT NIGHT-- AND THE TEXTURE OF THE MONEY IN HER PURSE MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THE INCONVENIENCE OF AN UNSCHEDULED HIKE!

WHAT A HAUL-- CLOSE TO A THOUSAND DOLLARS!! I MAY HAVE UNDERRATED THAT TWERP -- BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW! IF HE COMES AROUND CRYING FOR HIS MONEY--- I'LL THREATEN TO GET THE LAW ON HIM FOR TRYING TO GET FRESH WITH ME!! THAT'LL SCARE HIM OFF!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

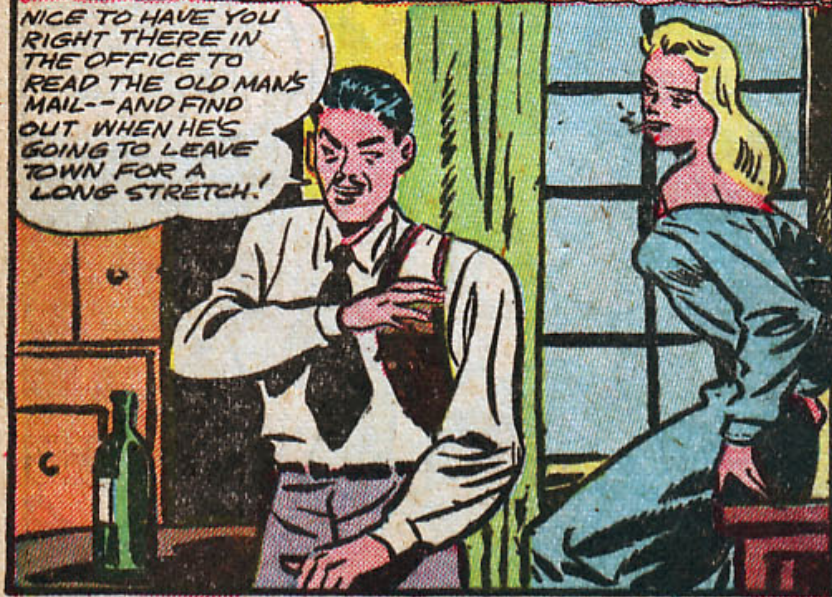




# CRIMES BY WOMEN

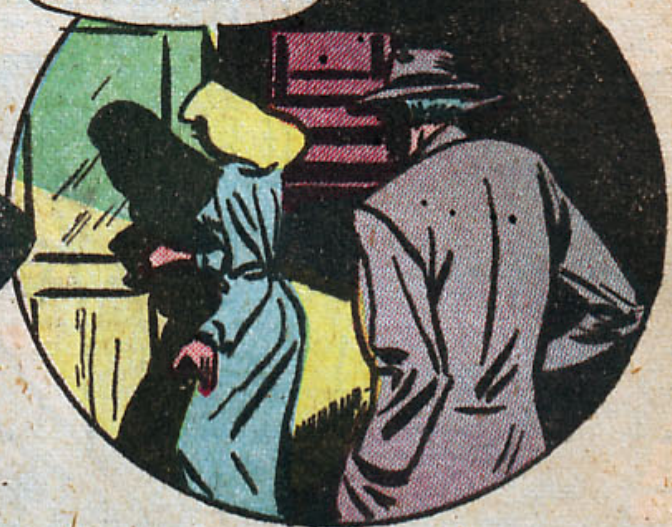
WHEN GEORGIA HAD BEEN AT HER JOB JUST TWO WEEKS, DANNY MERRIT DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME TO MOVE IN----

NICE TO HAVE YOU RIGHT THERE IN THE OFFICE TO READ THE OLD MAN'S MAIL--AND FIND OUT WHEN HE'S GOING TO LEAVE TOWN FOR A LONG STRETCH!



I WATCHED WHERE HE PUTS THE KEY TO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE---IT WAS A CINCH TO SWIPE IT AFTER HE LEFT THIS AFTERNOON!

ATTA GIRL, GEORGIA--YOU'RE LEARNING THE ROPES FAST!



HIS WALL SAFE'S THERE BEHIND THAT PICTURE!

HEH, HEH! CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY--- SHARE ALL HIS SECRETS--AND HIS DOUGH TOO!

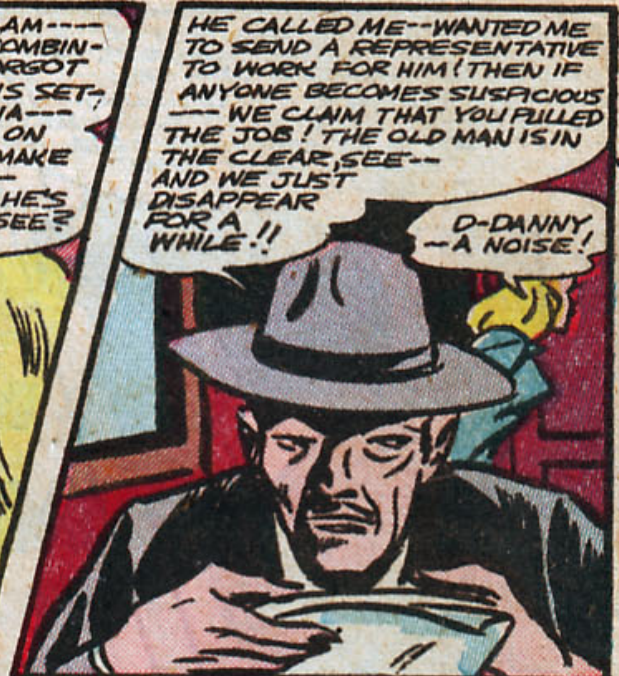


AS EASY TO OPEN AS A CLAM--- WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE COMBINATION! SOMETHING I FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THIS SET-UP, GORGEOUS GEORGIA--- THE OLD MAN-- HE'S IN ON THE DEAL! WANTS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A SAFE-- CRACKING JOB WHILE HE'S GONE OUT OF TOWN, SEE?



HE CALLED ME--WANTED ME TO SEND A REPRESENTATIVE TO WORK FOR HIM! THEN IF ANYONE BECOMES SUSPICIOUS--- WE CLAIM THAT YOU FULLED THE JOB! THE OLD MAN IS IN THE CLEAR, SEE-- AND WE JUST DISAPPEAR FOR A WHILE!!

D-DANNY--A NOISE!



SOMEONE COMING DOWN THE HALLWAY! THAT'S NOT ON THE SCHEDULE--- WE'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT--- SEE WHAT'S UP!



ANYBODY IN THERE? BETTER SPEAK UP! I GOT A GUN HERE!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN



I SEEN A LIGHT IN  
HERE A MINUTE AGO---  
YOU BETTER SPEAK  
UP BEFORE I GO CALL  
THE COPS---WHOEVER  
YOU ARE!



WHOEVER YOU ARE  
---THAT'S OUR  
BUSINESS, MISTER!  
AND AS FOR  
SPEAKING UP---  
I LET MY GUN DO  
MY TALKING!

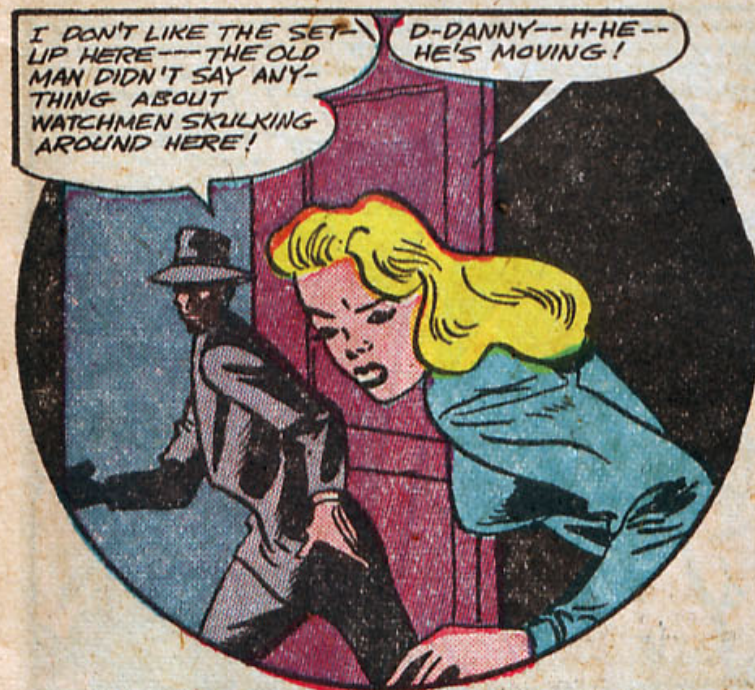
AGHH!

CLUNK!



H-HE SAW US!  
HE'LL TELL THE  
POLICE---

DON'T BE A  
SAP! HE  
WENT OUT  
LIKE A LIGHT  
WHEN I SLUGGED  
HIM! C'MON--WE  
CAN'T STAND AROUND  
AND STARE AT HIM  
TILL MORNING---  
WE GOTTA  
SHOVE OFF!



I DON'T LIKE THE SET-  
UP HERE---THE OLD  
MAN DIDN'T SAY ANY-  
THING ABOUT  
WATCHMEN SKULKING  
AROUND HERE!

D-DANNY-- H-HE--  
HE'S MOVING!



WHAT!

YOU TWO WILL NEVER  
GET AWAY WITH THIS!  
I GAVE YOU ONE  
CHANCE ALREADY---  
THIS TIME I'LL SHOOT  
FIRST!!



---AND ASK QUESTIONS  
LATER, EH? I THINK  
YOU'VE SPOKE YOUR  
LAST PIECE, MISTER  
---NOW JUST  
CURL UP---AND

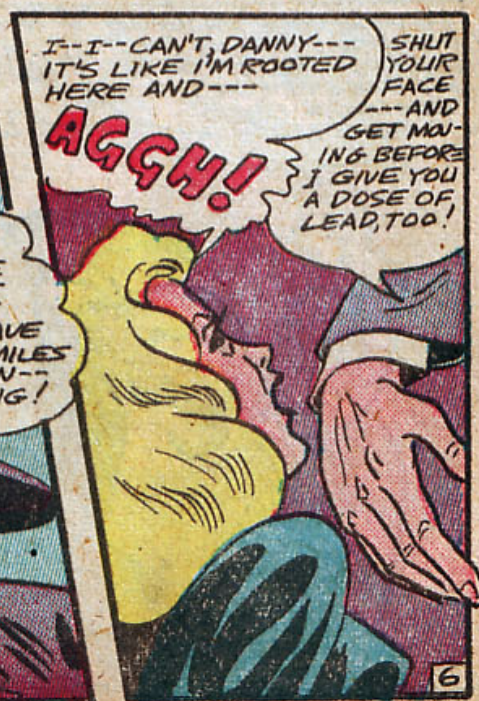
DIE!

BLAM!



HE'S BLEEDING--YOU  
SHOT HIM, DANNY! YOU  
DIDN'T MENTION ANYTHING  
LIKE THIS WHEN YOU  
TOLD ME ABOUT THIS  
SAFE-TAPPING BUSINESS!  
WE'LL GO TO THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR  
FOR THIS---

SHUT UP,  
YOU FOOL!-- WE  
GOTTA GET OUT  
OF HERE! THOSE  
SHOTS-- MAY HAVE  
BEEN HEARD MILES  
AWAY! C'MON--  
GET MOVING!



I-I--CAN'T, DANNY---  
IT'S LIKE I'M ROOTED  
HERE AND---

AGGH!

SHUT  
YOUR  
FACE  
---AND  
GET  
MOV-  
ING BEFORE  
I GIVE YOU  
A DOSE OF  
LEAD, TOO!



# CRIMES BY WOMEN

DANNY MERRIT AND HIS SIDEKICK, GEORGIA LAMONT, MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE ON THAT FIRST JOINT VENTURE-- AND FEELING THAT THE SITUATION WAS TOO HOT FOR THEM, THEY FLED TOWN---

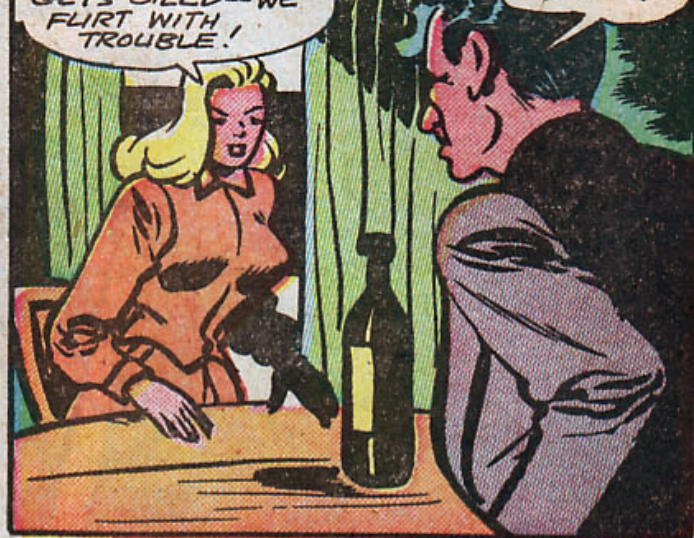
THIS RACKET---IT'SH BETTER THAN EVER!! MOVE FROM TOWN TO TOWN--PULL JUSH ONE JOB---THEY'LL NEVER CATCH USH!

YOU FOOL, Y-YOU'RE **DRUNK!**



YOU MAY BE THE BEST SAFE CRACKER IN THE BUSINESS, DANNY--- BUT YOU LIKE YOUR HOOGH TOO MUCH FOR OUR GOOD! WHEN THAT TONGUE OF YOURS GETS OILED-- WE FLIRT WITH TROUBLE!

YOU LITTLE PUNK-- TRYING TO TELL THE BOSS WHERE TO GET OFF! **HIC**



YOU BEEN GETTIN' TOO SASSY LATELY ANYWAY--- **HIC** TIME I BROKE UP OUR LITTLE PARTNERSHIP!!

WITH YOUR LITTLE FORTY-FIVE, EH? I'VE LEARNED A LOT FROM YOU, DANNY--- LIKE MAKING SURE YOU CAN'T GET AT IT TOO EASY!!



M-MY ROD-- YOU LIFTED IT OUT OF MY POCKET!

YEP, JUST LIKE YOU SWIPED THAT GUN FROM THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN IN DALLAS! I'VE BEEN LEARNING FAST!



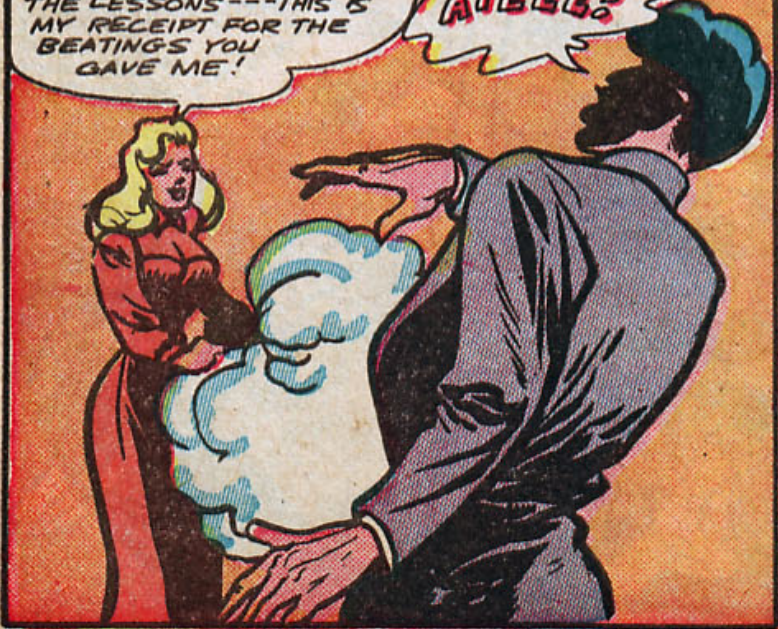
TOO FAST, MAYBE! GIMME BACK MY GUN--!

NOT SO QUICK, MY FRIEND!! OUR PARTNERSHIP-- YOU'VE BEEN RUNNIN' TOO MUCH TO YOUR LIKING! YOU'VE TAUGHT ME ALL YOU KNOW!

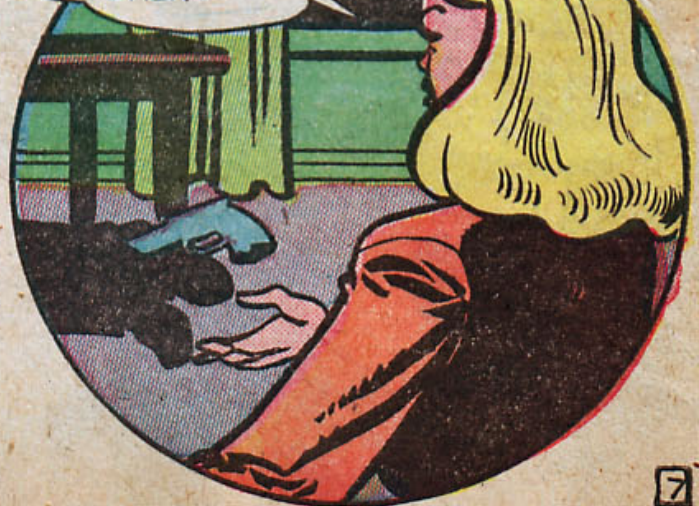


IT'S TIME WE DISSOLVED THE FIRM! THANKS FOR THE LESSONS--- THIS IS MY RECEIPT FOR THE BEATINGS YOU GAVE ME!

N-NO--- **WAAAA!**



SO LONG, FATHEAD-- THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR YOU! AND YOUR GUN--- WITH THE FINGERPRINTS CAREFULLY SMUDGED-- LIKE YOU TAUGHT ME-- YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK!

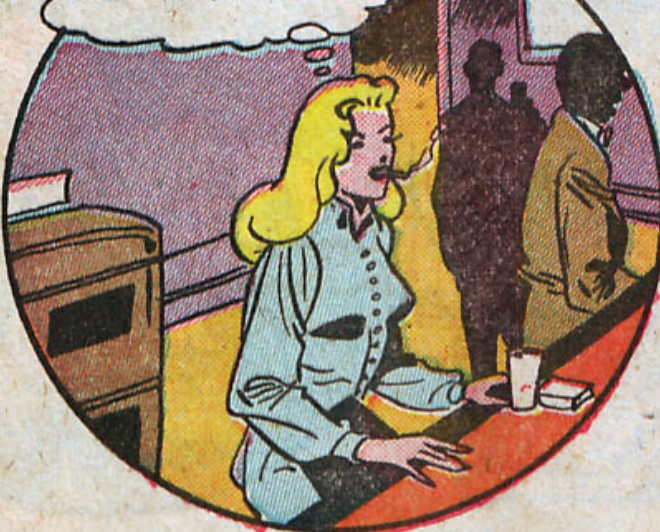




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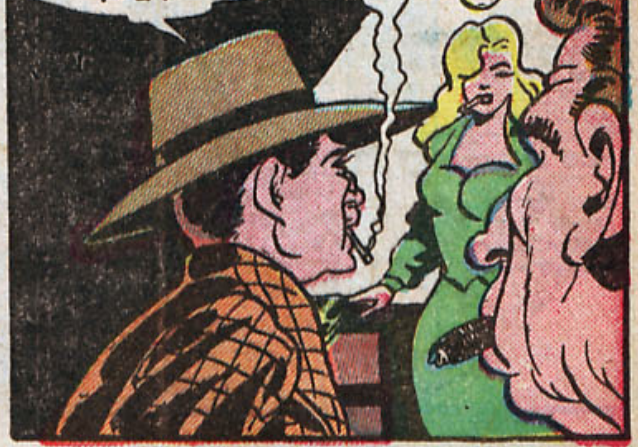
GEORGIA LAMONT LEFT TOWN THAT NIGHT -- HIDING OUT FOR SEVERAL WEEKS TILL SHE THOUGHT THE PRESSURE WAS OFF! THEN SHE RETURNED INTENT ON PUTTING HER SAFE-CRACKING LESSONS TO USE!

WORD'S GOING AROUND TOWN THAT L'IL GEORGIA THE CRACKER'S BACK IN TOWN--- STARTING ON A BIG OPERATION THAT SHE'S GONNA NEED HELP ON!!



AS THE DAYS PASSED GEORGIA'S PLAN BEGAN TO SHAPE UP--- HER REPUTATION AS THE ASSISTANT OF DANNY MERRIT, THE "DEMON OF THE DIALS" PRECEDED HER---

SHOOT THE WORKS, GEORGIA--WE KNOW ABOUT YOUR WORK-- WE'RE WITH YOU!

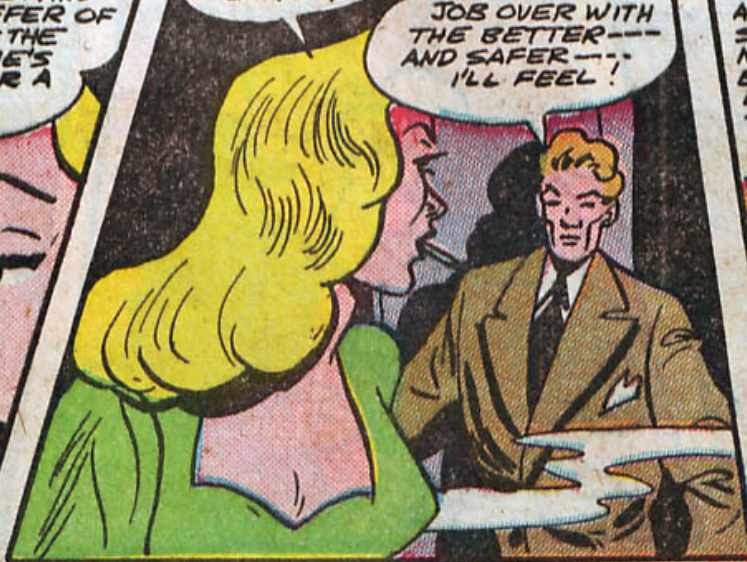


ONE THING I LEARNED FROM DANNY MERRIT BEFORE HIS-- ER-- ACCIDENT--IT PAYSTO HAVE THE GUY ON THE INSIDE PAVING THE WAY FOR US! AND SO I ACCEPTED THE OFFER OF HELP FROM A TELLER AT THE SECOND NATIONAL--- HE'S GONNA HELP OUT--FOR A CUT OF THE TAKE!!

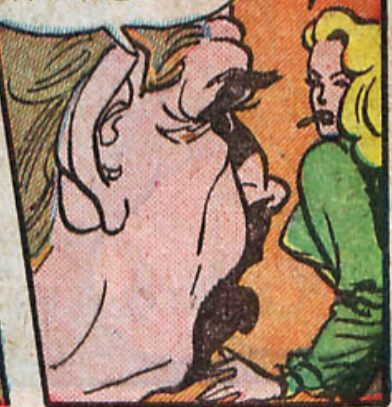


COME IN, GRAY-- LIKE YOU TO MEET THE REST OF THE GUYS!!

SURE THING, GEORGIA-- THE SOONER WE GET THIS JOB OVER WITH THE BETTER-- AND SAFER-- I'LL FEEL!



I DON'T LIKE THIS FOR PEANUTS, GEORGIA--- WE AGREE TO WORK WITH YOU ON A SAFE-CRACKING-JOB--- AND YOU RING IN SOME MUG WE NEVER SEEN BEFORE! HOW DO WE KNOW THIS AIN'T A FRAME-UP?



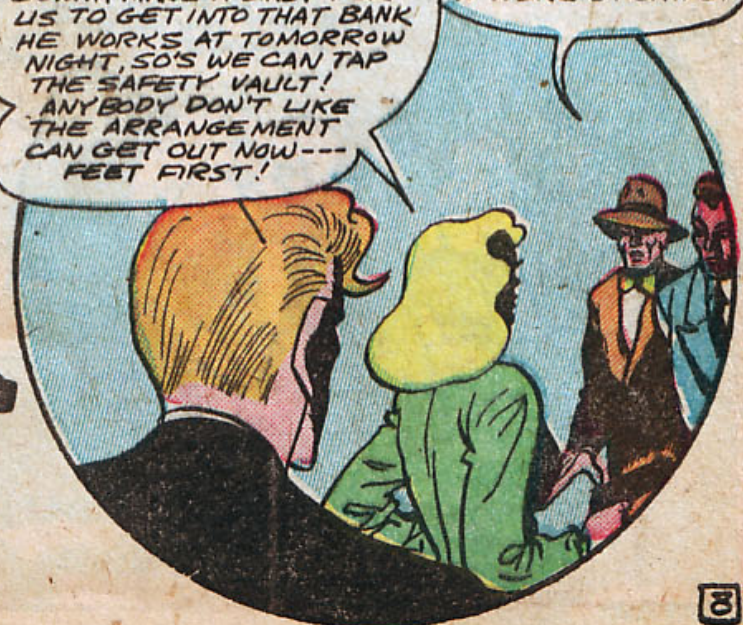
W-WHAT--? WHY YOU---

I OUGHTTA CUT YOU DOWN IN COLD BLOOD RIGHT NOW--- YOU'RE LUCKY THERE ARE SO MANY WITNESSES AROUND--I'D KILL YOU HERE-- BUT I'M NOT STICKING MY NECK IN A MOOSE FOR BUMPING OFF A HOOD LIKE YOU! I'M THE BOSS OF THIS JOB, SEE? GEORGIA, THE CRACKER--- AND I DON'T WANT NO BACKTALK!



GRAY HERE IS IN ON THE DEAL-- UNDERSTAND? HE'S GONNA MAKE IT EASY FOR US TO GET INTO THAT BANK HE WORKS AT TOMORROW NIGHT, SO'S WE CAN TAP THE SAFETY VAULT! ANYBODY DON'T LIKE THE ARRANGEMENT CAN GET OUT NOW--- FEET FIRST!

W-WHATEVER YOU SAY, GEORGIA--- W-WERE STICKING!

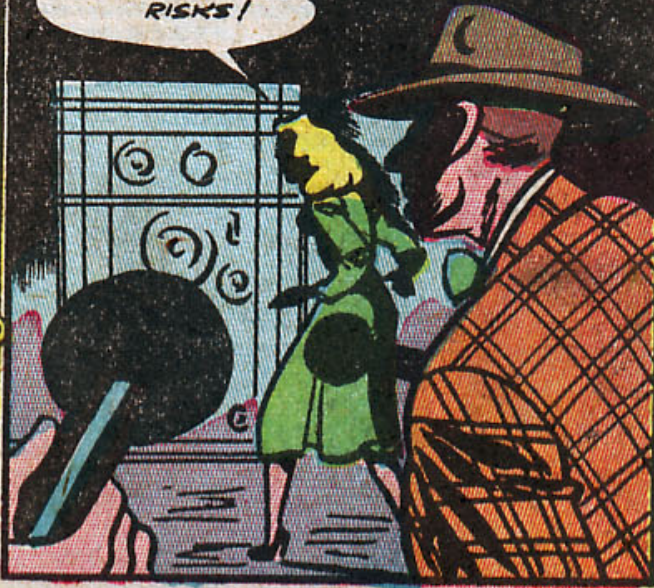




# CRIMES BY WOMEN

THE FIRE IN GEORGIA LAMONT'S EYE-- AND THE UNCERTAINTY ABOUT HOW DANNY MERRIT HAD COME TO HIS SUDDEN DEATH ---- QUELLED WHATEVER REBELLION EXISTED IN THE ROOM!!! AND SO, ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE MOB ENTERED THE SECOND NATIONAL BACK THE VERY NEXT NIGHT ----

THERE'S THE SAFE! GRAY WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD --- NO WATCHMAN --- NO RISKS!



DANNY MERRIT MAY HAVE BEEN AN AWFUL HEEL--- BUT HE SURE KNEW HOW TO KNOCK OPEN THESE VAULTS! AND HE KNEW HOW TO TEACH SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT ALSO! JUST A COUPLE MORE TWISTS!



TUG IT A LITTLE HARDER, BOYS! LET'S GET THIS JOB OVER WITH AS FAST AS POSSIBLE-- CLEAR OUT! GRAY SAID HE COULD KEEP THAT WATCHMAN OFF OUR NECKS JUST SO LONG!



C'MON--- PUT YOUR SHOULDERS TO IT! **PULL!**

ONCE MORE, BOYS-- SHE'S ALMOST OPEN!

AS DANNY USED TO SAY--- I CAN ALMOST SMELL THE INK ON THOSE BILLS! HURRY UP!



OKAY! ROUND 'EM UP, MEN!

H-HEY! WHAT IS THIS?

IN THE VAULT-- **COPS!**



WE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE ----

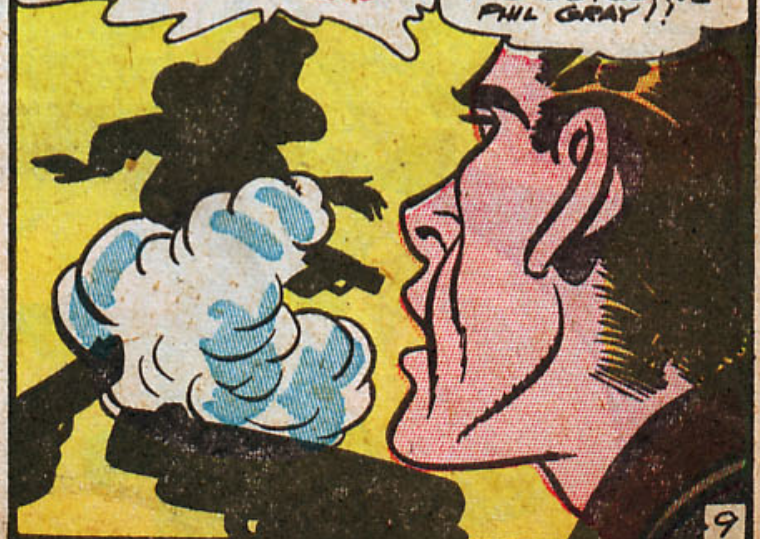
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! YOU'RE SURROUNDED-- THERE ARE POLICE COMING IN THROUGH THE DOORS BEHIND YOU! GIVE UP! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



YOU DIRTY PIG--- TURNING US INTO THE COPPERS, EH? I'LL DRILL YOUR GIZZARD--

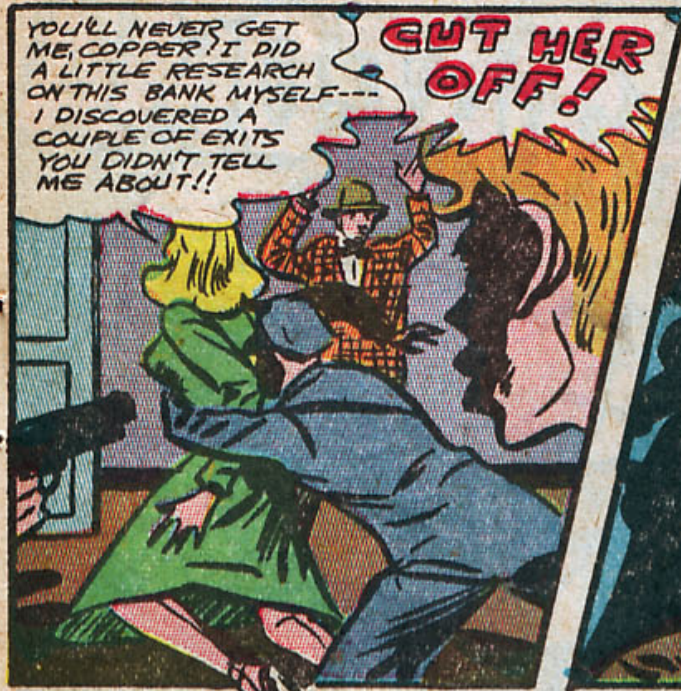
**OWWWW!**

YOU'RE ALL WRONG, GEORGIA --- I AM A COP!! AND MY NAME ISN'T PHIL GRAY-- IT'S DETECTIVE PHIL GRAY!!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN



**CUT HER OFF!**



**AGHH!**

'ATTA, BOY, HOSKINS--- HOLD THE LIL' WEASEL TILL I GET THESE BRACELETS ON HER !!



AND YOU'LL NEED HIS HELP, GEORGIA--- BECAUSE THIS SAFE-CRACKING ATTEMPT IS A MINOR RAP COMPARED TO ANOTHER ONE WE HAVE AGAINST YOU!



M-MY NAME? T-T--- T-THAT CAN'T BE---



NO SMART COP IS GONNA PIN A MURDER RAP ON ME, GEORGIA LAMONT--- AND SEND HER TO THE HOT SEAT !! IF I CAN'T HAVE WHAT I SET OUT FOR--- THEN I'LL CALL IT QUITS !!



D-DON'T BE A FOOL !!

**AGHH!!**

**BANG!**



THE CRAZY DAME-- SHE PULLED THE TRIGGER ON HERSELF! JUST THE SAME AS CONFESSING THAT SHE WAS THE ONE WHO BLEW MERRIT'S BRAINS OUT!

IT IS A CONFESSION, SARGE---



--THE ONLY CONFESSION WE COULD EVER HAVE GOTTEN FROM GEORGIA LAMONT! BECAUSE THAT STORY ABOUT THIS GUN BEING REGISTERED IN HER NAME--- IT'S NOT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO HOLD HER IN JAIL FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! BUT THIS WAY--- THE CASE IS CLOSED !!

**THE END**



# THE TERROR FROM TACOMA

HER WORTHLESS LIFE WAS DEDICATED TO EXCITEMENT, THIS BEAUTIFUL THRILLSEEKER TO WHOM ONLY HAIR-RAISING ESCAPADES WERE WORTHY OF MENTION! EVEN RUTH CARTER'S OLDEST FRIENDS SOON FOUND HER TO BE AN IMPOSSIBLE COMPANION... NO RISK WAS TOO GREAT, NO ODDS TOO OUTRAGEOUS TO DISCOURAGE THIS HELL-CAT FROM HER SEARCH FOR NEW SENSATIONS AND THRILLS!... AND AFTER ALL THE PURSUITS HAD FADED INTO MONOTONY, RUTH CARTER DISCOVERED A STRANGE AND SAVAGE JOY IN JUST ONE DIRECTION... CRIME! FRANTICALLY SHE ENTERED UPON THIS NEW... MOST TRAGIC... PHASE OF HER STRANGE CAREER... BECAME A MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS PORKY NELSON'S GANG... BECAME, IN FACT, "THE SENTINEL OF DEATH!"



RUTH CARTER'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME WAS TO ATTEMPT THE MOST PERILOUS OF UNDERTAKINGS... NOT FOR ANY PROFIT OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT TO HER RECKLESSNESS WAS AN END IN ITSELF!

UH OH, COP ON A MOTORCYCLE BACK THERE... COMING AFTER US LICKETY-SPLIT! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ABOUT TO GET OURSELVES PINCHED FOR SPEEDING...

DON'T BE A DRIP ALL YOUR LIFE, FREDDIE... LET'S KEEP AHEAD OF THE LITTLE BOY-IN-BLUE!

CLIPPING ALONG AT A GOOD PACE, NOW... GOT 'ER UP TO EIGHTY!

AW C'MON, FREDDIE. GIVE 'ER ALL THE HORSEPOWER SHE'S GOT. DON'T SPARE THE SPEED!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

RUTH CARTER WAS PROBABLY A THRILL SEEKER FROM THE DAY SHE WAS BORN, AND AS SHE GREW OLDER THE OUTLETS WHICH HER RESTLESS SPIRIT SEARCHED FRANTICALLY FOR BECAME MORE AND MORE VIOLENT....

YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT WHAT AN EAGER-BEAKER YOU ARE, FREDDIE... BUT IF I WERE HERE WITH JACK WATERS HE'D BE WILLING TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

CUT IT OUT, RUTH... Y-YOU'RE MAKING THE CYCLE WOBBLE! S-SIT DOWN... WE'RE CAUGHT... THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

YOU'RE JUST YELLOW, FREDDIE... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GET MYSELF TRAPPED SO EASILY BY A MOTORCYCLE COP! IF YOU WON'T GIVE 'ER THE GUN... I WILL!

W-WATCH OUT!

W-WE'RE SKIDDING... TIRES AREN'T GRIPPING AT ALL! C-CAN'T HOLD IT TO THE ROAD... THIS IS SPEED, FREDDIE... THAT COP'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH US NOW!

I-I CAN'T STOP THIS DANG THING, RUTH... THAT WAS A FOOL THING YOU DID, JAMMING YOUR FOOT ON THE SPEED PEDAL! WE'RE GOING TO SMACK UP... I'LL HOLD IT STEADY UNTIL YOU JUMP! H-HURRY....

JUMP? AND LOSE OUT ON THIS TERRIFIC RIDE? DON'T BE SILLY... I'M HOLDING ON!

IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN RUTH CARTER'S WAY TO RESPECT OTHER PEOPLE IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE ENJOYMENT THEY WERE ABLE TO FURNISH HER... WITH NO FLEETING THOUGHT OF A DEBT SHE OWED THEM! AND SO, WHEN THAT FATEFUL RIDE HAD LOST ITS ATTRACTION....

PLEASE... I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER.....

ALL RIGHT, STUPID... SO LONG! THANKS FOR THE RIDE... AND THE LAUGHS!

THE TREE... YOU'RE GOING TO SMASH INTO IT! J-JUMP... JUMP, YOU FOOL... OR YOU'RE A GONER!

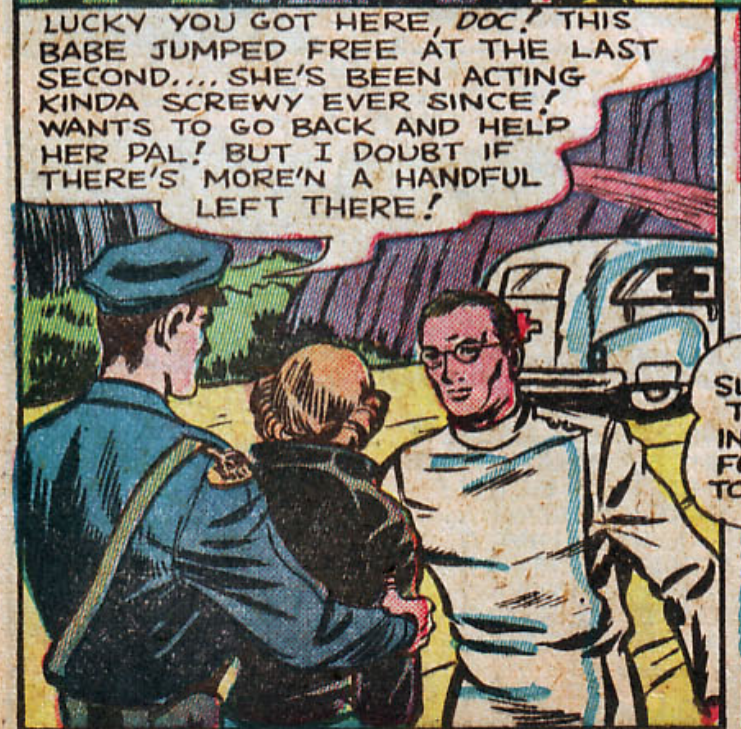
OOFFF! Q-QUITE A TUMBLE!

I-I CAN'T... MY FOOT'S CAUGHT IN THE CYCLE! I-I CAN'T GET... FREE.....!

NO BONES BROKEN... WHEW! WHAT A RIDE THIS HAS BEEN! THAT FREDDIE... I'LL GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND... ALWAYS PRETENDING THAT HE'S SUCH A RECKLESS GUY!



# CRIMES BY WOMEN





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND, JACK... SOMETHING WITH A LOT OF EXCITEMENT TO IT, I HOPE!

HEH-HEH! YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE, RUTH! SOON AS THE CROWD STARTS THINNING OUT A BIT! THIS BULGE IN MY POCKET... IT'S A REVOLVER! DREAMED UP A TERRIFIC IDEA FOR A GOOD TIME!



WHAT IS IT, JACK? COME ON, TELL ME! YOU KNOW THAT I LIKE A GOOD TIME AS WELL AS ANYONE! YOU PLANNING ON SCARING SOMEONE WITH THAT CANNON OF YOURS?

HEH-HEH! HOLD YOUR HORSES, RUTH... IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN THAT!



PEOPLE LIKE ME AND YOU, RUTH... WE'RE FED UP WITH THE USUAL PLEASURES THAT SATISFY OTHERS! WE NEED SOMETHING THAT PACKS A WALLOP... MAYBE BECAUSE OUR APPETITES ARE JADED! FAST CARS, ...PLANES... DANGERS... THEY ALL BEGIN TO TURN DULL AFTER A WHILE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING WE'VE NEVER TRIED... CRIME!



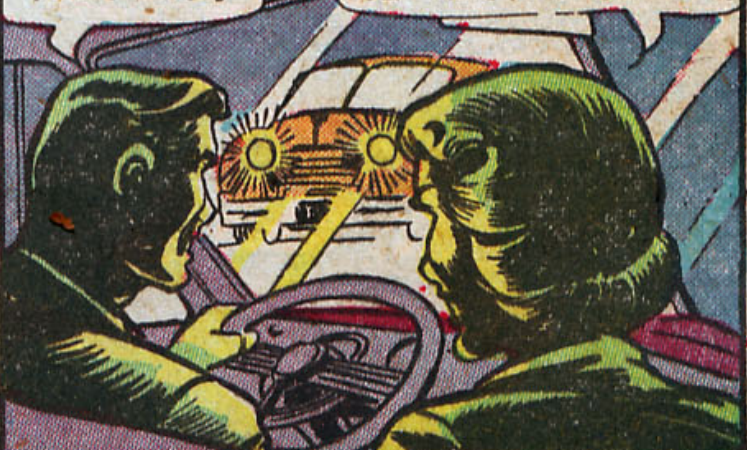
THE WORD SANK INTO RUTH CARTER'S MIND... CRIME! THERE WAS A WORLD OF FASCINATION IN ITS SOUND... IN THE PICTURES IT CONJURED UP FOR HER WARPED MIND! CRIME! PERHAPS THAT WAS WHAT SHE HAD SEARCHED FOR!

THOSE PEOPLE WHO LEFT A FEW MINUTES AGO... I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN NOTICED US! THEY SHOULD BE DRIVING OUT OF THE PARKING LOT IN A MINUTE... WITH US AFTER 'EM!



THOSE LIGHTS... HERE THEY COME! AND IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES... AFTER WE'VE TRAILED THEM DOWN THE ROAD A BIT... YOU'LL BUNK HEAD-ON INTO THE THRILL OF YOUR LIFE!

A STICK-UP, EH? BEGINS TO SOUND BETTER AND BETTER!



FUNNY THING WE NEVER TRIED ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, JACK! OUGHTTA GET A TERRIFIC CHARGE OUT OF IT... IT'S DANGEROUS... FULL OF EXCITEMENT... THE SORT OF THING MOST OF THE DOPES AROUND US WOULD BE AFFRAID TO TRY!

YEP! HERE WE GO, KID... ON OUR NEW CAREERS!

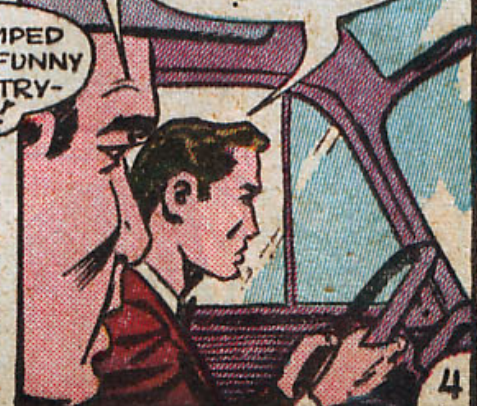
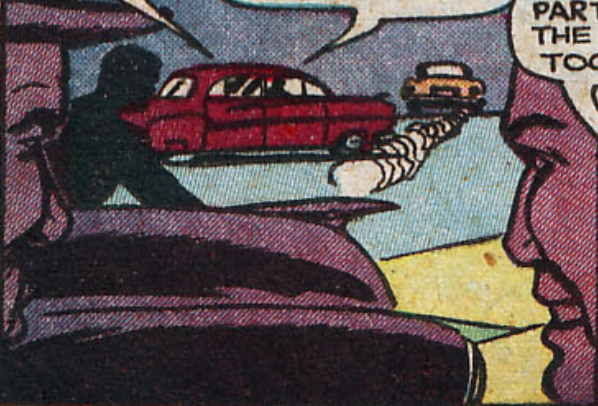
THEY WERE HEADED ON NEW CAREERS... BUT JACK WATER'S WAS TO BE SHOCKINGLY BRIEF... THOUGH THERE WAS NO WAY FOR HIM TO KNOW IT JUST THEN! NOR ANY WAY FOR HIM TO NOTICE THAT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED... SO INTENT WAS HE ON HIS PROSPECTIVE VICTIM!

THAT BIG CADDY JUST PULLED OUT, PORKY! HEADING OUT TOWARD THE LONELIEST PART OF THE ROAD, TOO!

ANOTHER GUY JUMPED OUT AFTER IT! BE FUNNY IF SOMEBODY ELSE IS TRYING TO CUT IN ON US!

MAY BE FUNNY FOR US, BOYS... BUT I DOUBT IF THAT CLOWN IN THE OTHER CAR IS GOING TO BE AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE HUMOR OF IT! LET'S GET STARTED...

YOU BET, PORKY... WE'RE ON THE WAY!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

DARKEST PART OF THE ROAD! HERE'S WHERE WE SPEED UP... COME ALONG-SIDE THAT BIG BOAT AHEAD OF US.

... THEN GIVE IT THE WORKS, EH? I CAN HARDLY WAIT... MY TEETH ARE CHATTERING WITH ANTICIPATION!



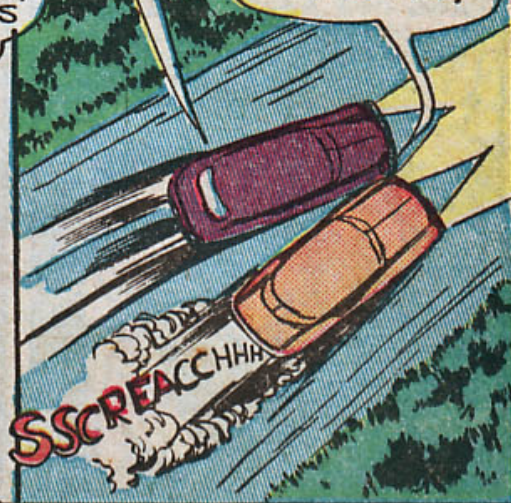
I'M GONNA CUT THEM OFF THE ROAD... HERE, TAKE THE ROD! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD YOU SPILL OUT OF THAT DOOR AND FOCUS THIS HEATER RIGHT BETWEEN THE DRIVER'S EYES!

RIGHT! GIVE IT HERE!



ALL SET, RUTH? HERE GOES.....

H-HEY! W-WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, MISTER... RAM RIGHT INTO ME?



SURE ENOUGH, DORKY. THEM TWO IN THE CAR AHEAD OF US... THEY'RE OUT TO PULL A STICK-UP ON THE BIG CAR! THEM TWO GUYS MUST BE CRAZY!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THEIR BEING CRAZY, HARRY... BUT WRONG ABOUT ONE THING! ONE OF 'EM... IT'S A DAME!



W-WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, LADY? I-I.....

BUTTON YOUR LIP, MISTER! IF YOU WERE HALF-BRIGHT YOU'D KNOW THAT THIS IS A ROBBERY! LIFT THOSE HANDS OFF THE WHEEL... OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!

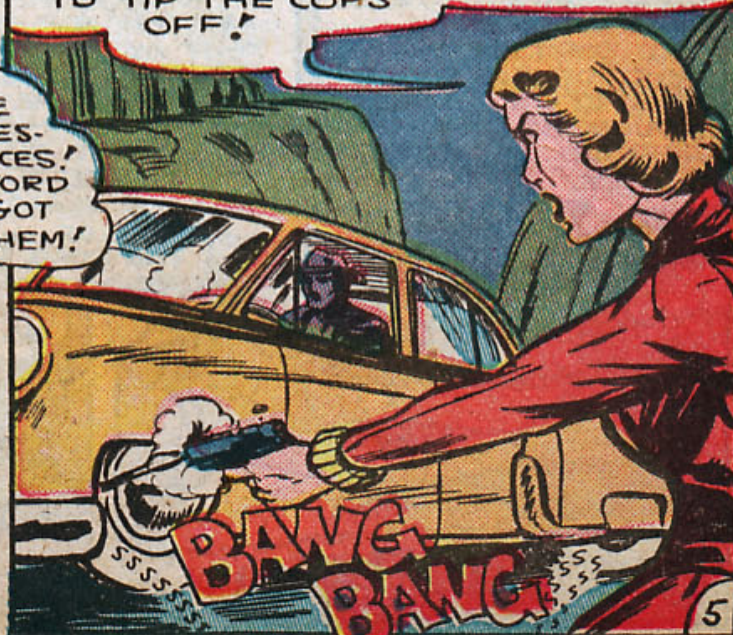


THOSE EVENTFUL MINUTES SPED BY WHILE JACK WATERS AND RUTH CARTER CARRIED ON WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS TO BE THE HIGH-POINT OF THEIR LIVES... THEIR FIRST VENTURE INTO CRIME!

THIS IS SO YOU DON'T GET ANY SMART IDEAS AND TRY TO FOLLOW US... OR GET TO A PHONE IN TIME TO TIP THE COPS OFF!

W-WE GAVE YOU EVERYTHING WE HAD, LADY. THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO GAIN BY SHOOTING US!

HEH-HEH! I OUGHTA PLUG YOU JUST TO WIPE THAT SILLY EXPRESSION OFF YOUR FACES! BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THE BULLETS. GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR THEM!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

I HATE TO LEAVE YOU  
FLAT LIKE THIS, FRIENDS....  
BUT MY PAL AND  
I HAVE A DATE!  
DON'T GO  
BREAKING  
ANY SPEED  
LAWS NOW....  
HAW, HAW!

SLAM  
THAT DOOR,  
RUTH....  
WE'RE  
CLEARING  
OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF THIS, RUTH...  
THOSE HEADLIGHTS....  
THEY TURNED ON US  
AS WE PULLED AWAY  
FROM THAT OTHER CAR.  
HOPE IT ISN'T THE  
COPS.... NO ONE I'D  
RATHER SEE LESS THAN  
A COPPER RIGHT NOW!

THAT OTHER C-CAR....  
IT IS FOLLOWING US!  
AND THOSE AREN'T COPS  
IN IT EITHER.... IT LOOKS  
LIKE.... SOME MUGS I  
SAW AT THAT NIGHT  
CLUB WE VISITED TO-  
NIGHT! I-I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOKS OF THIS!

PULL UP AND SHUT OFF THAT  
MOTOR, BUSTER.... OR IT'S CURTAINS  
FOR YOU AND THAT DAME WITH YOU!  
AND WE DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

I-IT'S THOSE  
GUYS....

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THOSE  
FOUR-FLUSHERS SCARE US OUT OF THAT  
MONEY WE SWIPED, ARE YOU, JACK?  
THIS MAY BE MORE THAN WE  
BARGAINED FOR.... BUT IT'S  
EVEN MORE EXCITING  
THAN THAT  
STICK-UP!

R-RUTH...  
Y-YOU MUST  
BE OUT OF  
YOUR MIND!

ACCELERATOR PEDAL

THAT DAME....  
SHE BANGED DOWN  
ON THE ACCELERATOR,  
PORKY!

YEAH, I SAW  
IT, BOYS!  
BETTER  
LEAN OUT....  
GIVE THAT CAR  
A SPRINKLE OF  
LEAD!

ROAR RRR

T-THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, RUTH!  
W-WE OUGHTTA PULL OVER.... LET 'EM  
TAKE THAT DOUGH! WE DIDN'T ROB  
THAT CAR  
FOR MONEY  
ANYWAY....

AW SHUT UP! YOU'RE  
JUST LIKE FREDDIE....  
YOU'RE BOTH PHONIES!  
JUST LOWER YOUR  
HEAD....

THAT CAR  
FOR MONEY  
ANYWAY....



# CRIMES BY WOMEN

W-WE'LL NEVER GET..... YIIIIIIII!

RAT-TAT RAT-TAT

JACK! W-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU..... THE WINDOW..... IT'S BEING SMASHED! B-BLOOD..... ALL OVER YOU!

GET OUTTA THE WAY, JACK... GET OFF THE WHEEL SO THAT I CAN TURN 'ER... SHAKE THESE GUYS BEHIND US! J-JACK... HE'S DEAD!

I CAN'T GET AT THE WHEEL.... AND THE CAR'S BEGINNING TO WOBBLE! G-GOING OFF THE ROAD.... STONE BRIDGE JUST AHEAD OF US!

THAT HEAP'S ABOUT TO BUNK INTO THE WALL....

FOOLS! THEY CASH IN THEIR LIVES JUST TO SAVE WHATEVER IT WAS THEY STOLE! THEY'LL NEVER... H-HEY! DOOR'S OPEN... THAT DAME... SHE'S JUMPING FREE!

THAT DAME... SHE'S GOT GUTS! PULLS THAT ROBBERY... TRIES TO GIVE US THE SLIP AFTER WE GOT HER AND THE BOY FRIEND CORNERED... AND THEN SHE JUMPS OUT OF A DOOMED CAR! HURRY UP, BOYS... GET DOWN THERE AND PICK 'ER UP!

**CRASH**

JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, SISTER..... THE BOSS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU... OTHERWISE WE WOULD'A PUT A ROUND OF SLUGS INTO YOUR BACK!

W-WHAT? TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU GREASY APE! I'LL... LET GO!

SO THIS IS YOUR BOSS, EH? WHAT'S HE WANT WITH ME? LIKE TO LAUGH IN MY FACE BEFORE YOU TORPEDOES PULL THE TRIGGER?

YOU DO PORKY NELSON GREAT INJUSTICE, LADY....



# CRIMES BY WOMEN

I ALWAYS LIKE TO RUN ACROSS DAMES WHO HAVE COURAGE LIKE YOURS, SISTER? THAT LITTLE JOB YOU PULLED TONIGHT..... MIGHTY PRETTY FOR AN AMATEUR! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HUH?

MY NAME'S RUTH CARTER..... AS IF IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU! WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS COMEDY AND SHOOT ME!

R-RUTH CARTER? SAY....

AREN'T YOU THE BABE WHO WALKED AWAY FROM THAT MOTORCYCLE WRECK JUST LAST WEEK? THE ONE THAT WAS SPREAD ACROSS THE PAPERS?

THE VERY SAME ONE! DOES IT MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER TO KNOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO KILL A CELEBRITY?

STOP TALKING ABOUT GETTING BUMPED OFF, WILL YOU? AND TAKE YOUR MITTS OFF THE DAME, DUMBBELL.... SHE'S A PERSONAL GUEST OF MINE, SEE? COME ON BACK TO THE CAR, SISTER.... YOU AND ME HAVE SOME GABBING TO DO!

H-HUH?

OUT OF THAT CONVERSATION BETWEEN BIG-TIME THUG PORKY NELSON AND RUTH CARTER CAME A STRANGE AGREEMENT.... THE PARTNERSHIP OF A COLD AND CALCULATING KILLER WITH A WOMAN OF UNBOUNDED RECKLESSNESS AND INSANE COURAGE!

HERE'S JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, PORKY... A RICH COUPLE LIVING UP ON THE HEIGHTS! ADVERTISING FOR A MAID.....

QUITE A LAY-OUT THE BRAND FAMILY HAS HERE! BET THEY'RE JUST LOADED WITH SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY AND STUFF LIKE THAT! SHOULD TAKE ME ABOUT A WEEK AS MAID TO LEARN THE HIDE-AWAY OF EVERYTHING THEY OWN! THEN ONE WORD FROM ME..... AND THE BOYS MOVE IN!

AND THIS IS THE FAMILY COLLECTION OF SILVER, MISS RUSH! WE VALUE IT VERY HIGHLY, OF COURSE....

NOT HALF SO MUCH AS ME AND PORKY NELSON VALUE IT, LADY! IN FACT.... WE LIKE IT SO MUCH WE'RE GONNA BORROW IT FROM YOU..... PERMANENTLY!



# CRIMES BY WOMEN

ONCE ENTRENCHED IN THE HOME OF THE WEALTHY BRAND FAMILY, "MISS RUSH" AS SHE WAS KNOWN, MADE A SYSTEMATIC LISTING OF ALL ITEMS OF VALUE... THEIR LOCATION... BEST WAY INTO AND OUT OF THE HOUSE.....

THIS JUST ABOUT COMPLETES OUR PREPARATIONS! AND THEY HAVEN'T TUMBLED TO THE FACT THAT THEIR NEW MAID IS ABOUT TO HELP LOOT THE PLACE! WHAT A LAUGH!



'LO...PORKY? EVERYTHING'S SET... GOT ALL THE DOPE YOU AND THE BOYS WILL NEED! BRAND AND HIS WIFE ARE LEAVING TOWN TOMORROW.... WON'T BE ANYONE HERE AT NIGHT BUT ME AND THE CARE-TAKER! IT'LL BE EASY TO CONK HIM AND GRAB THE STUFF! MEET YOU AT THE CLUB IN THE MORNING!

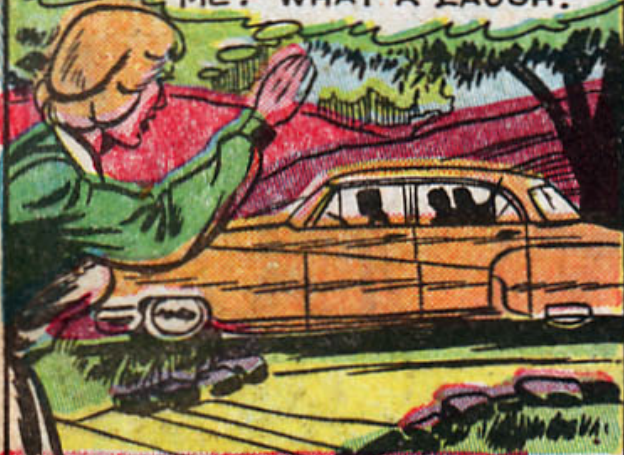


THAT NEXT MORNING, THE FATEFUL SIXTH OF JULY, "MISS RUSH" FEIGNED ILLNESS TO HER FAMILY, TRAVELED DOWN TO THE MEETING PLACE PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED WITH PORKY NELSON, AND GAVE HIM THE PLANS SHE HAD WORKED ON SO ARDUOUSLY.....

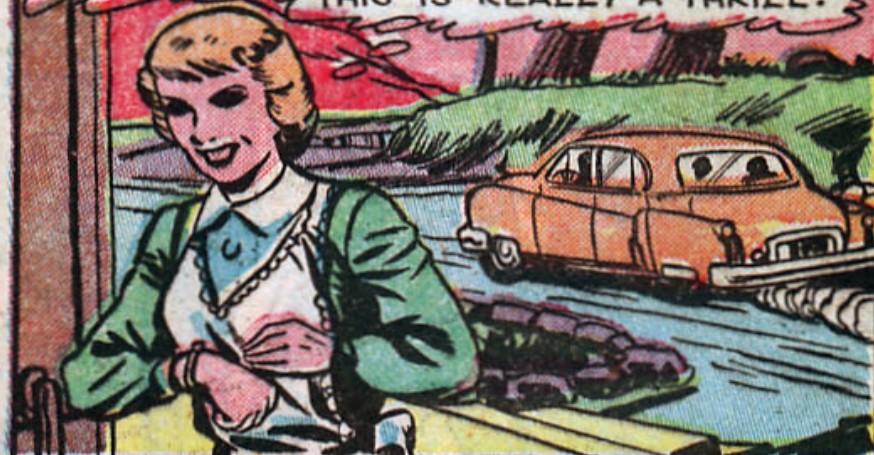
GOTTA GET BACK TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE BRANDS. STUDY THOSE PAPERS.... CALL THE HOUSE AT... 4:30... I'LL ANSWER IT! I'LL SAY JUST ONE WORD... "YES" OR "NO" THAT'LL BE YOUR SIGNAL!



THERE THEY GO.... LEAVING THIS WHOLE TREASURY WAITING FOR ME AND THE BOYS TO MOVE IN ON IT! ONCE WE'VE GOT IT, WE'LL ALL SKIP TOWN TILL THE HEAT DIES! AND ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN PLOTTING.... THEY NEVER ONCE SUSPECTED ME! WHAT A LAUGH!



ALMOST TIME TO GET STARTED ON OUR BIG JOB TONIGHT! HAVE TO THINK OF SOME WAY OF GETTING THE CARETAKER AWAY FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS.... THEN CINCHING THE ROBBERY! THIS IS REALLY A THRILL!



THE HOURS TICKED BY WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS FOR RUTH CARTER... AND THEN AT LAST THE PHONE RANG AND SHE GAVE THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL TO PORKY NELSON....

THERE GOES THE FRONT DOORBELL! I-IT MUST BE PORKY AND THE BOYS! G-GOT TO CONFESS.... THIS JOB IS SO BIG AND EXCITING... I-IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS!



HURRY UP INSIDE! THE CARETAKER'S OUT IN THE KITCHEN... I SLIPPED A COUPLE OF KNOCKOUT DROPS INTO HIS COFFEE.... HE'LL BE SNOOZING FOR HOURS! THE STUFF WE WANT... IT'S UPSTAIRS... C'MON... HURRY!



WHEW! THIS IS A HAUL! GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, RUTH... HAVING THE GUTS TO STICK AROUND HERE.... WONDERING IF ANY SECOND THEY MIGHT DISCOVER WHO YOU ARE.... AND LINING UP THIS JOB FOR US!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN



W-WHAT'S THAT?

THE DOOR.... SOMEONE CLOSED IT.... FROM THE OUTSIDE!

**SLAM**

B-BUT... THERE'S NO ONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE!

YOU'RE WRONG, MISS RUSH... OR RUTH CARTER, AS YOU ARE REALLY NAMED! YOU AND THE WHOLE NELSON MOB ARE TRAPPED IN THAT ROOM.... WE GIVE YOU JUST TEN SECONDS TO DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS RAISED.....



.... BEFORE THE POLICE OPEN FIRE ON ALL OF YOU!

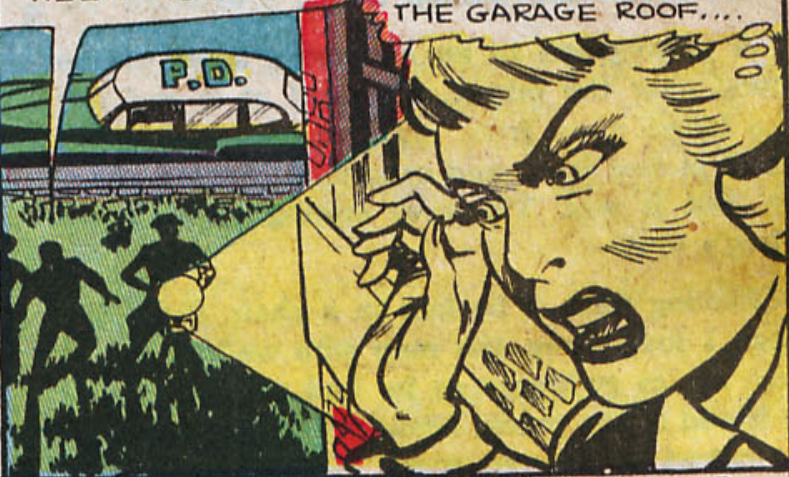
WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE... WE'RE DROPPING OUR RODS, COPPER.... WE GIVE UP!

NOT ME! I'M LIKE A CAT... I'VE GOT NINE LIVES!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG.... POLICE FOUND OUT ABOUT OUR JOB! THE OTHERS GAVE UP.... THE YELLOW DOGS... BUT DON'T RUN RUTH CARTER INTO THE GROUND SO EASILY! I'LL OUTWIT 'EM YET.... BECAUSE I'M WILLING TO TAKE CHANCES!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, RUTH CARTER.... WE COULD PICK YOU OFF IN A SECOND.... BUT WE'D PREFER TO CAPTURE YOU ALIVE! FOR QUESTIONING IN THE DEATHS OF FREDDIE WEBER AND JACK WATERS... AND FOR A CAR ROBBERY JUST A WEEK AGO ...



T-THAT LIGHT... BLINDING ME! HAVE TO KEEP GOING GET TO THE GARAGE ROOF....

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, COPPERS... AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE STRETCHED ON A SLAB IN A MORGUE JUST YET! SO GO HOME ... AGHHHHH!



N-NO... SOMEONE HELP! YII... THERE SHE GOES... NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO NOW!



THAT'S THE LAST OF RUTH CARTER, I GUESS! AND SHE NEVER FOUND OUT HOW THE POLICE KNEW ABOUT TONIGHT! HOW SHE HAD FAILED TO RECOGNIZE ME. JOHN BRAND, AS THE MAN SHE ROBBED JUST A WEEK AGO! COURAGEOUS, ALL RIGHT. BUT COURAGE POINTED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!



The + END +



# MY PICKUP PAST

**I** RAPPED on the hotel room door marked 67. Maggie had told me the occupant had left an hour ago but I wanted to be sure. When there was no answer, I inserted the pass key and went in. I wanted to finish cleaning early today because Maggie and I planned on seeing a movie. I enjoyed my work as chambermaid in one of the largest hotels in Millville. It wasn't hard work and always entertaining.

Number 67 was one of the larger and more expensive rooms. Maggie said the occupant was a young girl. She had seen her check in yesterday. I stood with my back to the door and looked around. There was a faint odor of perfume from the red roses on the table. Clothes were scattered over the bed and chairs and the dresser was a mess. This was going to take me longer than I had planned. "Darn!" I said aloud and walked to the dresser.

A photograph in an expensive silver frame stood near the mirror. I looked at it and felt the blood drain from my face. No, it couldn't be! I picked it up and examined it more closely. But it was. The eyes staring at me were Greg's eyes.

Feeling faint, I backed to a chair. Greg, the man I love. Greg, the man who walked out of my life as suddenly as he had walked in was a friend of the young beautiful girl in Room 67. I looked at the red roses. He had sent them to her—roses I had once received.

My memories took me back to the day I had met Greg—four long months ago. It happened in the small town of High Terrace. I was a cashier in a restaurant. Greg, a stranger in town, had come in one sunny day and his blond hair and broad smile matched the golden sunshine. He looked like some tall god out of a picture book. I stared as he sat down at a table and found myself making wrong change and stuttering to the customers. Finally he finished eating and stood before me. I looked into his eyes and felt my heart beat faster. The bill he gave me fluttered out of my shaking hands.

He grinned. "What's your name and what time do you knock off?" he asked.

"Oh, I—I . . . it's Flo," I stuttered as I picked up the bill. "And I finish at five o'clock. Why?"

"We'll take a swim. I'll be back to pick you up. My name's Greg."

"All right, I'll be waiting." I watched him leave then I glanced around the restaurant. Pickups were not allowed. If the manager saw me he'd fire me on the spot. Somehow I didn't care. I had to see Greg. No man had ever affected me in this manner. I was sure this was love at first sight.

It was a glorious afternoon swimming at a nearby lake. Towards evening the wind shifted and a storm broke. Laughingly, we ran to the car in our swimming suits. The rain pounded against the car and the wind rocked it. We watched people scamper to cars and drive away.

"Let's get home, Greg," I warned. "This will last all night."

"No, let's stay and watch it awhile," he answered. "I'll get you home. Don't worry."

He took me in his arms and kissed me. His nearness made me feel faint. "Greg—Greg," I whispered.

"You're sweet and I like you a lot. Who knows, this might develop into something—something like . . ."

"What, Greg?" I answered happily. Everything was happening so fast, I couldn't think.

"Something like love and a future together. We won't talk of it now. All I know is that we like one another. I want to see you again soon, Flo."

"Yes, oh, yes. I do too." We sat close together, talking, laughing, kissing. The hours flew by. It was close to midnight when we spoke of going home. The rain still fell in great torrents. Greg stepped on the starter. Nothing happened.

"Oh, Greg," I said in a scared voice. I was thinking of my landlady. If I didn't get home tonight she'd throw me out and before long the whole town would know about my pickup date.



"Looks like we're flooded," he told me as he got out of the car. "We're buried to the hubs in mud," he called and came back.

"What—what will we do?" Tears filled my eyes.

"Just wait until the rain stops and the car dries out. Now don't worry. We can explain everything. Everyone knows it was raining."

"I've got to get back tonight," I said. "I'll lose my job and my room and everything. . . ." The tears coursed down my cheeks.

"You poor kid. I know what you mean. They'll brand you as a girl who picks up strange men. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk. It's ten miles—are you game?"

"Yes—yes! I must get back."

We started out in the rain. Soon our bathing suits were as wet as they were hours ago when we were swimming in the lake. My fears left me as we walked arm in arm towards town. I would be home before morning and sneak up to my room without the landlady seeing me.

It was dawn when we reached my boarding house. Greg took me in his arms and kissed me. "See you tomorrow, darling," he whispered.

"Tomorrow," I answered. My happiness was complete.

The door burst open and my landlady stood before us. We came out of our dream and stared at her. "Well!" she shouted. "What kind of goings-on do you call this?"

"We can explain," Greg started.

"Never mind. I've seen enough. Get out of here—and you, young lady, go upstairs and pack. I won't have a pickup girl living in my house. I'm giving you until noon to move."

It was horrible and I cringed at her words. All the neighbors must have heard her. Greg walked away slowly and I went in the house, feeling like a beaten puppy.

Greg was waiting for me at noon. He had red roses in his hand. I tried not to cry as we walk-

ed towards the railroad station. He bought me a ticket to Millville.

"It's my home town," he told me. "I'll write general delivery and we'll be together again soon. I love you, Flo—remember that."

I did remember but not one letter came from Greg. After four long months I was now sitting in a chair in Room 67 with his picture in my hand—a picture he had given to someone else. I stood up realizing I had been dreaming for many minutes. The door opened and before I had time to put the picture back on the dresser, a girl was screaming at me.

"How dare you? Put that picture back before I report you for theft!"

"I—I'm sorry," I answered. "Do—do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Of course I do. He and his brother are in the lobby right now waiting for me."

I didn't wait to hear more. I ran past her and down the stairs to the lobby. I stood transfixed. There was Greg—a few feet away. His smile and eyes welcomed me. We ran towards one another.

"Flo—Flo, darling," he said as he took me in his arms.

"Oh, Greg, I've prayed every day for this to happen."

"I was called to the Coast on business. No time to write. I just returned today."

The manager came up to us angrily. "What's going on here? Young lady, you're fired! We don't allow our help to pick up men."

Greg shouted. "This is no pickup, sir. Flo is my fiance."

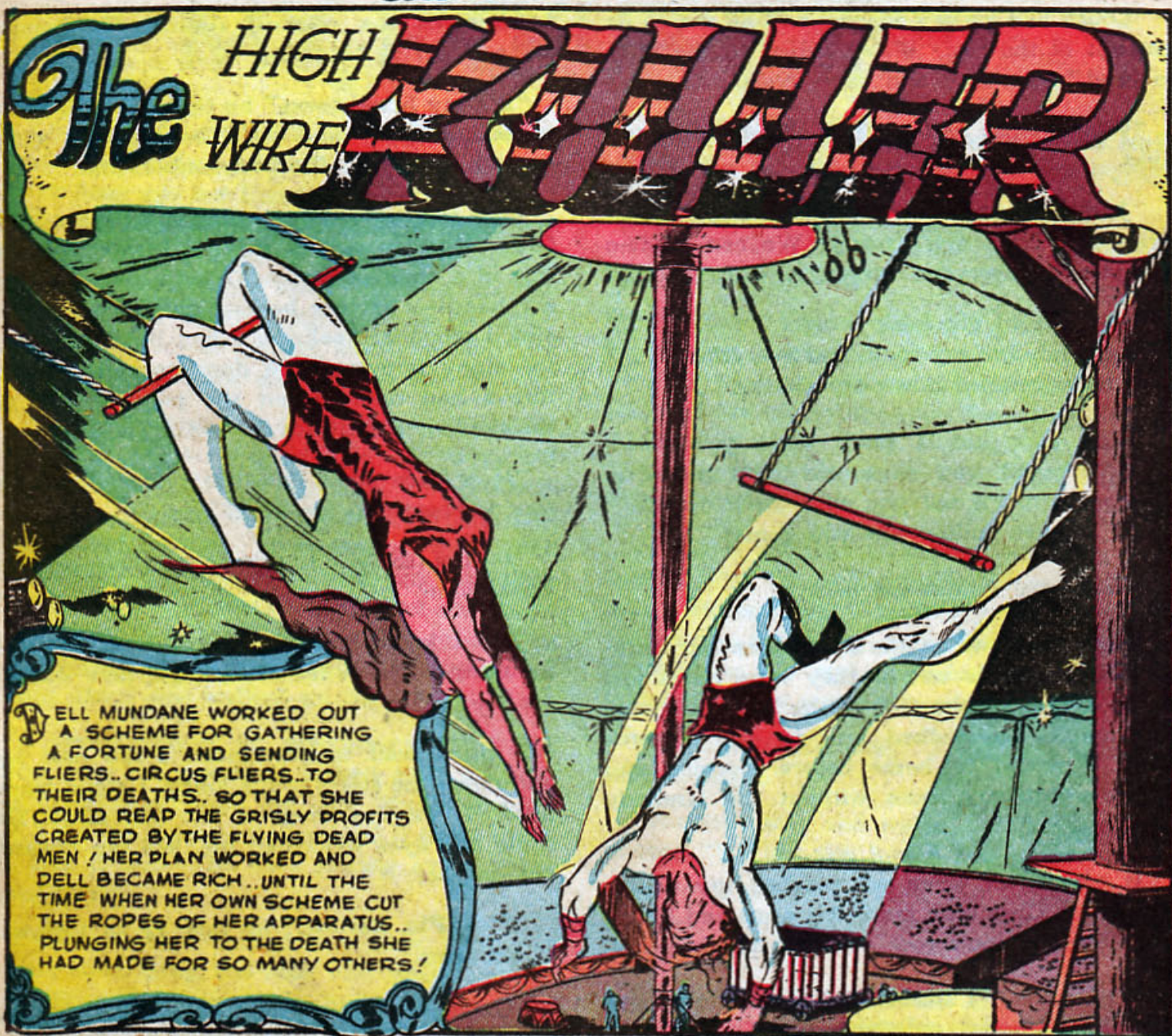
I gasped. "But—but—the girl in Room 67—"

He laughed. "She's my twin brother's fiance. He's around here some place. They're to be married next week. Flo, do you think we can make it a double wedding?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" His warm kiss assured me that we would never be parted again.

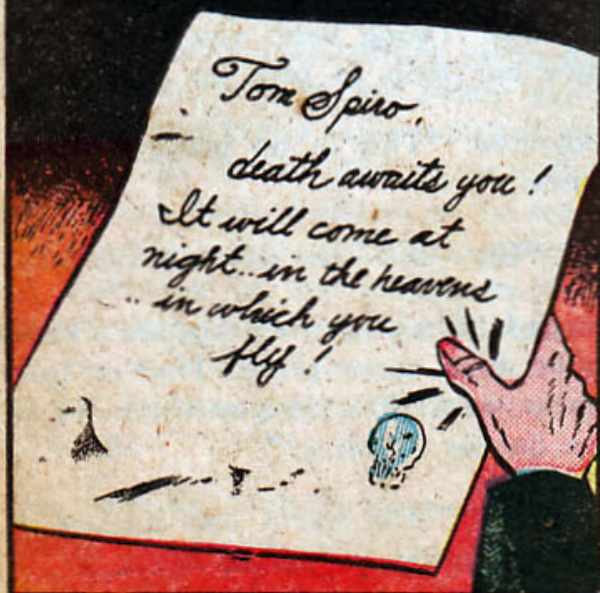


# CRIMES BY WOMEN

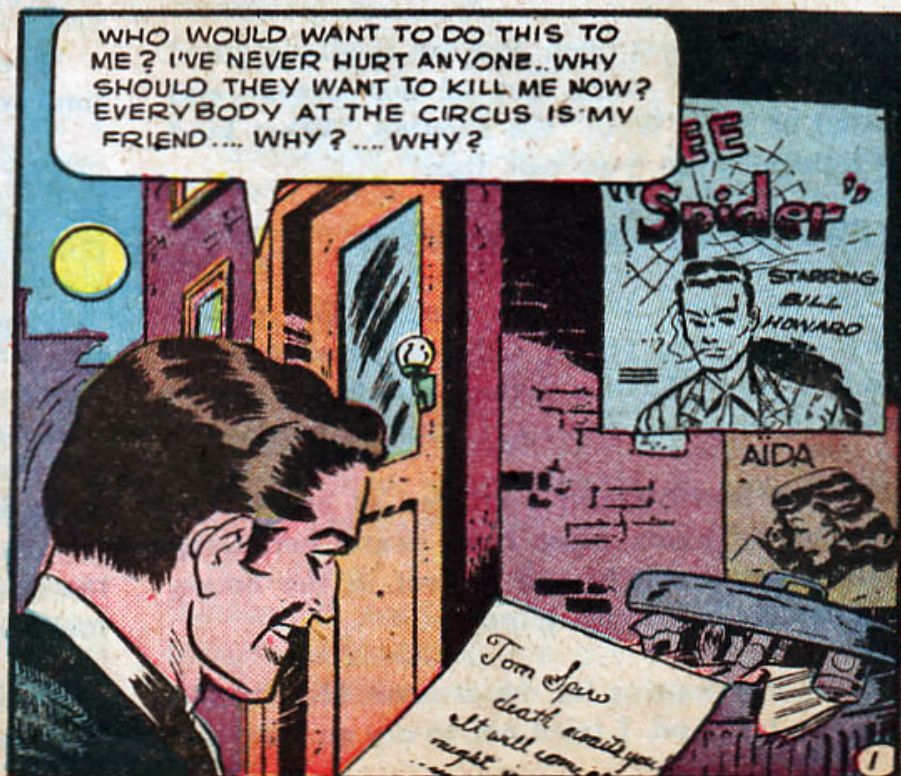


DELL MUNDANE WORKED OUT A SCHEME FOR GATHERING A FORTUNE AND SENDING FLIERS..CIRCUS FLIERS..TO THEIR DEATHS.. SO THAT SHE COULD REAP THE GRISLY PROFITS CREATED BY THE FLYING DEAD MEN / HER PLAN WORKED AND DELL BECAME RICH..UNTIL THE TIME WHEN HER OWN SCHEME CUT THE ROPES OF HER APPARATUS.. PLUNGING HER TO THE DEATH SHE HAD MADE FOR SO MANY OTHERS!

"THIS WAS THE NOTE..DELIVERED MARCH 3, 1941...WHICH BEGAN THE CHAIN OF DEATH THAT FOUND ITS FINAL LINK AMONG THE HIGH WIRES..."



WHO WOULD WANT TO DO THIS TO ME? I'VE NEVER HURT ANYONE..WHY SHOULD THEY WANT TO KILL ME NOW? EVERYBODY AT THE CIRCUS IS MY FRIEND.... WHY? .... WHY?





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

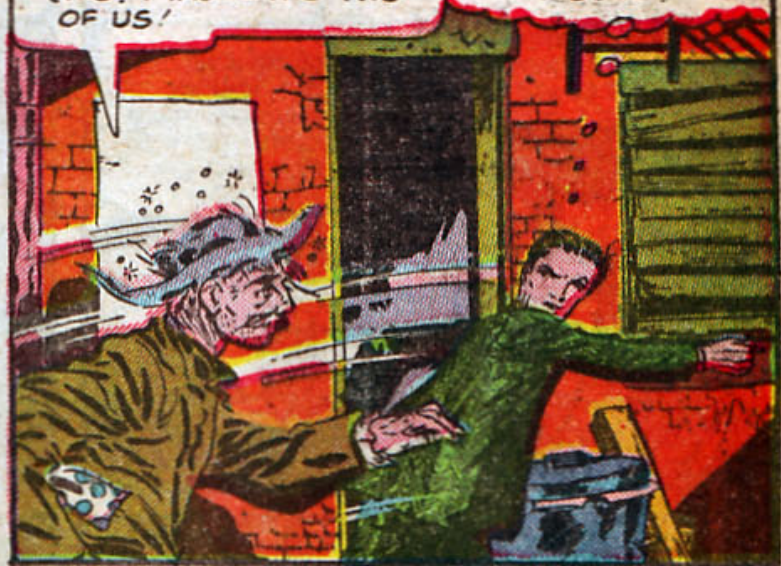
AS TOM SPIRO MADE HIS WAY TO THE BIG TOP THAT NIGHT, WITH THE NOTE CLENCHED TIGHTLY IN HIS HAND... THE COLD FINGERS OF FEAR CLUTCHED TIGHTLY AT HIS HEART...

SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET ME.. TO DO ME IN.. FOR A REASON THAT I DON'T KNOW / DO I HEAR FOOTSTEPS BACK THERE... FOLLOWING ME?



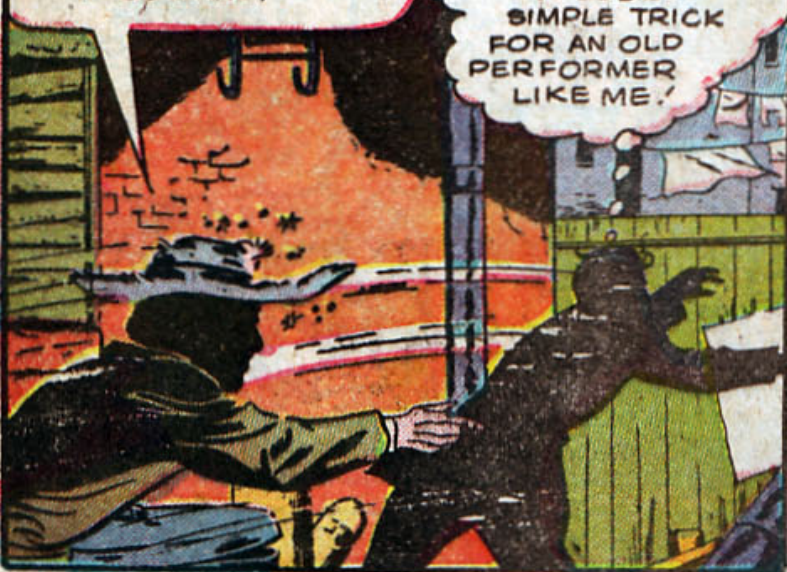
HEY, FELLA.. (HIC!) VER THE GUY I'M LOOKING FOR! DON'T GO ANOTHER STEP! ..YA HEAR ME! WE GOTTA (HIC!) TALK.. THE TWO OF US!

JUST ANOTHER DRUNK.. OR SOMEBODY PLAYING A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE?



NOW WHERE YA GOING?... YA AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY FROM ME / VER GONNA SHELL OUT.. YA COWARD!

HE MUST BE ONE OF THEM OUT TO KILL ME! IF I CAN JUST REACH THAT FENCE IN TIME... IT'LL BE A SIMPLE TRICK FOR AN OLD PERFORMER LIKE ME!



WON'T DO YA NO GOOD! EVEN YA CAN FLY LIKE A BIRD, I'LL GET YA!

HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OVER THIS FENCE. / I'LL BE ABLE TO STEAL A FEW MINUTES OF LIFE YET!



OUTDISTANCING HIS DRUNKEN PURSUER.. THE FEAR-RIDDEN TOM SPIRO... HEADED FOR THE SAFETY OF CROWDS OF PEOPLE

(PUFF..PUFF..) I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF, OR I'M LICKED! I'VE SLIPPED HIM... THAT PLACE DOWN THE STREET.. GET THERE AND CALM DOWN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER..

I CAN'T GO ON TONIGHT.. DON'T CARE WHAT THE BOSS SAYS WHAT THE MY HANDS ARE TREMBLING..AND ONCE I GET UP ON THE HIGH WIRES.. THE ONE WHO SENT ME THAT NOTE WILL KILL ME!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE BEGAN THAT NIGHT... TOM SPIRO WENT TO THE BIG -TOP OFFICE ...TO SEE THE RINGMASTER-MANAGER.....

I CAN'T GO ON TONIGHT. YOU SEE THAT NOTE! IT'LL BE MY LIFE!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SPIRO! THIS IS JUST SOME JOKE SOMEBODY'S PLAYING ON YOU!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?



I SHOULDN'T GO ON! AT LEAST...UNTIL WE HIT THE NEXT TOWN! IT'LL BE MURDER IF I GO ON!

TAKE IT EASY...SPIRO THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN WOULD BE FOR YOU TO FALL ...AND THEN YOU MIGHT ONLY BREAK YOUR NECK!



THIS IS ALL SOME JOKESTER'S NONSENSE...AND YOU'VE FALLEN FOR IT! SPIRO...IF YOU DON'T SHOW UP TONIGHT...IT'S YOUR JOB...AND YOU GO ON THE BLACKLIST!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



DELL MUNDANE WENT TO THE LIVING QUARTERS ON THE LOT WHERE HER HUSBAND AND SHE WERE STAYING WHILE THE CIRCUS PLAYED BUFFALO....

I'M WORRIED..DELL..MAYBE WE OUGHT TO QUIT ON THE DEAL RIGHT NOW! BEFORE WE GET IN ANY DEEPER!

I GOT THE NOTE! IT'S SERVED ITS PURPOSE..AND IT CAN'T BE TRACED TO US NOW! YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, JOE!



I DON'T KNOW! WHAT IF THE COPS FIGURE OUT AN ANGLE! THEN ...IT'S THE CHAIR!

STOP YOUR WHINING AND SNIVELLING! WE'RE INSURED AS A TEAM...AND IF ONE OF US GETS KILLED... THEN THE OTHER COLLECTS!



THE CONDITION THAT SPIRO'S IN NOW...IT'S A SURE THING! WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO HELP HIM TONIGHT... HIS TIMING WILL BE WAY OFF! HE'LL KILL HIMSELF.. AND THEN WE'LL COLLECT!



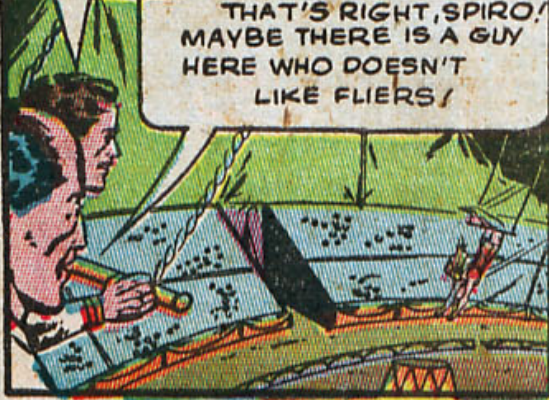


# CRIMES BY WOMEN

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE NIGHT OF MARCH 3, 1941 UNDER THE BIG TOP... AND DEATH WAS ONE OF THE PERFORMERS....

I FEEL LIKE A CLAY PIGEON FOR SOME MURDERER, JOE! HOW DO I KNOW SOME LOON ISN'T SITTING IN THE STANDS WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE JUST WAITING TO PLUG ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, SPIRO! MAYBE THERE IS A GUY HERE WHO DOESN'T LIKE FLIERS!



I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME UP HERE AT ALL! I SHOULD HAVE THROWN THE JOB OVER! I WILL, TOO... RIGHT AFTER THE PERFORMANCE TONIGHT... I WILL...



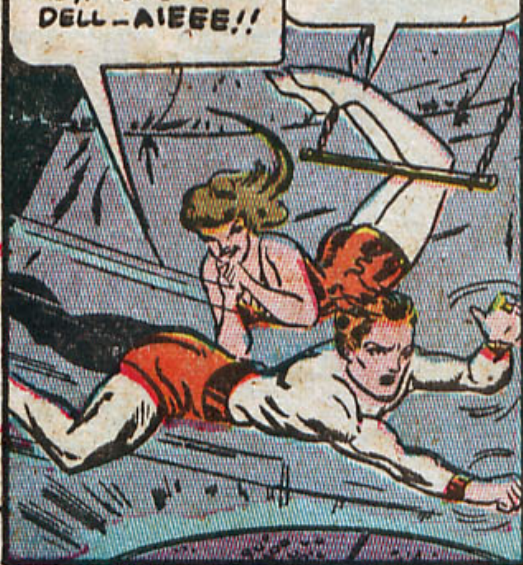
DELL! DELL...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO! GET THOSE HANDS OUT WHERE I CAN GET THEM! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO? KILL ME?

DID YOU THINK THAT NOTE WAS A JOKE, SPIRO? YOU'RE IN THE HEAVENS NOW... MEETING YOUR DEATH!



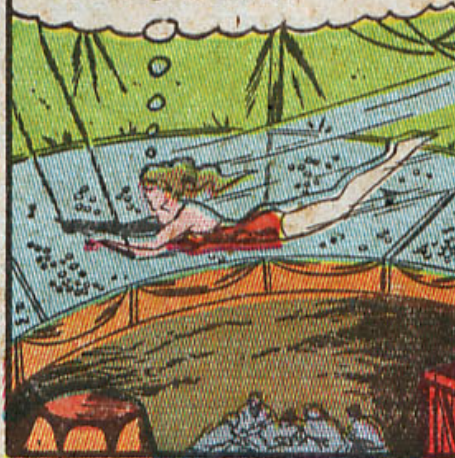
NO, DELL...THIS IS MURDER...DON'T DO IT...YOUR HANDS...REACH ME, PLEASE... DELL-AIEEE!!

THEY'LL NEVER HEAR HIM SCREAM OVER THE NOISE OF THE CROWD!



SECONDS LATER...

IT WON'T TAKE LONG...AND THEN JOE AND I WILL GET THE INSURANCE MONEY... AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO PILING UP A FORTUNE... AND WE CAN QUIT THE FLYING GAMS...



LESS THAN A MONTH LATER... DELL MUNDANE'S PLANS BORE THEIR FIRST FRUIT...

THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED... AND FIFTY...AND...YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE FUNNY LOOK ON THAT INSURANCE AGENT'S FACE, JOE, WHEN I TOLD HIM WE WANTED PAYMENT IN CASH INSTEAD OF A CHECK!



YOU MEAN A QUEER LOOK! I CAN STILL HEAR TOM SPIRO SCREAMING!

AS DELL MUNDANE REVELED IN HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS... ANOTHER VICTIM WAS BEING PREPARED UNWITTINGLY FOR THE SLAUGHTER....

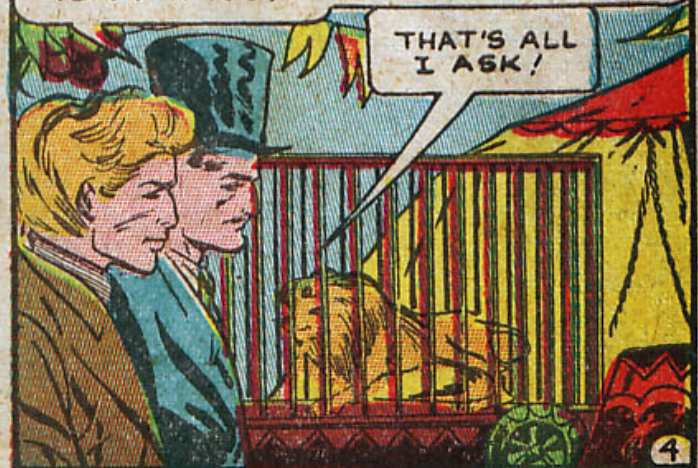
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE! IF I TURN OUT TO BE NO GOOD... THEN YOU HAVEN'T LOST A THING! BUT I'VE DONE ENOUGH FLYING TO KNOW THAT I'VE GOT IT!

ALL RIGHT... ROPER, IT'S YOUR OWN FUNERAL!



FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME OF YOUR EXPERIENCE, DON'T THINK YOU'RE READY FOR THE BIG TOP YET! BUT...I'LL TAKE YOU OVER AND INTRODUCE YOU TO THE MUNDANES.... MAYBE THEY'LL BE WILLING TO TRAIN YOU!

THAT'S ALL I ASK!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

A MINUTE LATER...

AND SO IT'S UP TO YOU...IF YOU WANT TO TRAIN HIM...

YEAH WE'LL TAKE HIM ON!

WHAT A SHAME IT WILL BE TO KNOCK OFF THIS GUY FOR HIS INSURANCE... HE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE.



IN SHORT ORDER...THE MUNDANES WENT TO WORK...TRAINING THE YOUNG GUY RUDER...

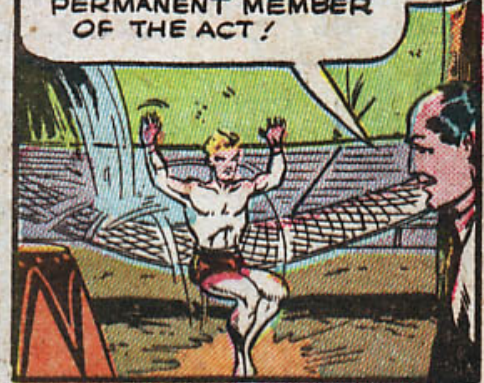
OVER TWICE, GUY...AND THEN SEE IF YOU CAN HIT THE NET ON YOUR FEET AND BOUNCE TO THE FLOOR WITHOUT BREAKING AN ANKLE!

HERE GOES, DELL! COUNT FOR ME AND TELL ME WHEN TO HIT!



SECONDS LATER...

YOU'RE GETTING GOOD, GUY! ANOTHER COUPLE OF WEEKS...AND YOU'LL PERFORM ALONG WITH DELL AND ME! JUST ABOUT THAT TIME...I THINK SHE'LL BE TALKING TO YOU ABOUT BECOMING A PERMANENT MEMBER OF THE ACT!



JOE MUNDANE WAS RIGHT...FOR A FEW WEEKS LATER...BEFORE GUY'S FIRST PERFORMANCE WITH THE ACT...

JUST SIGN THE POLICY RIGHT THERE!

THIS IS THE WAY WE WORK, GUY / THE ACT BECOMES VALUABLE AND YOU'RE A PART OF IT...SO THE ACT IS INSURED AS A TEAM... AND IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENS...WE'RE INSURED AGAINST A LOSS IF ONE OF THE MEMBERS GETS HURT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...GUY RUDER AND THE INSURANCE AGENT LEFT....

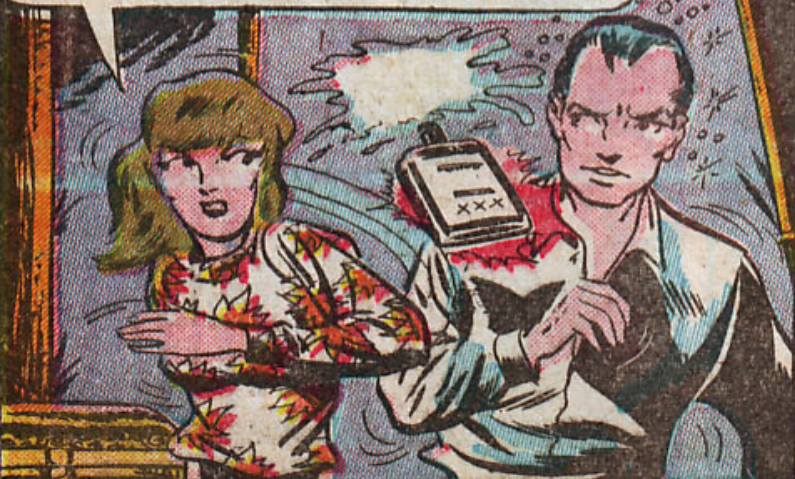
THAT POLICY WILL BE WORTH TEN GRAND TO US! IT'LL BE A PUSHOVER JUST THE WAY SPIRO WAS!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH, DELL! I ALWAYS HAD MY NERVE ON THE HIGH WIRES... BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!



I GET MY COURAGE OUT OF A BOTTLE NOW... HEY! WHAT YA WANT TO DO THAT FOR?

DON'T BE A FOOL, JOE! YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WITH THIS! WE'LL WORK THIS DEAL UNTIL WE MAKE A MILLION! IN THIS KIND OF A RACKET, THE COPS WILL NEVER CATCH UP WITH US!



NOBODY WILL CATCH UP WITH US OR STOP US! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

THE COPS MAY NOT CATCH UP WITH US... BUT SOMETHING ELSE WILL! YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT...WE CAN'T KEEP ON GETTING AWAY WITH IT!





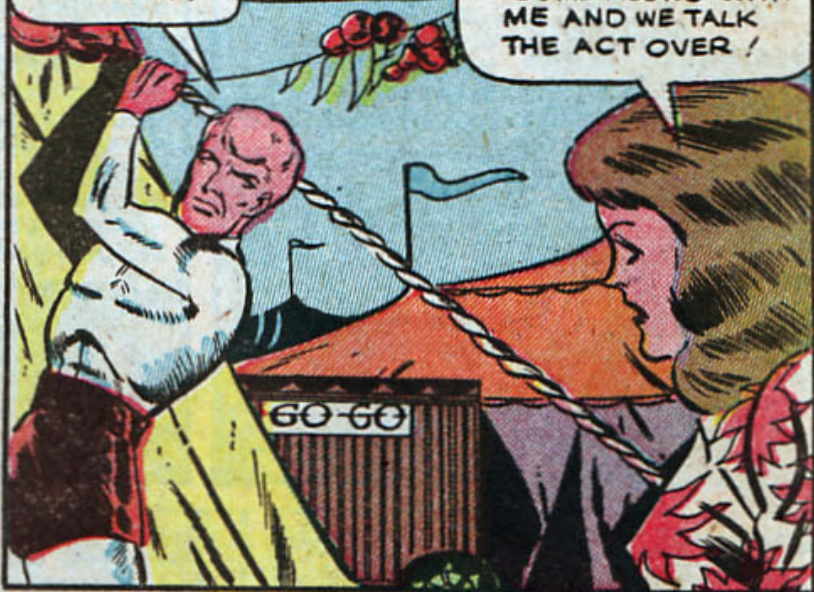
# CRIMES BY WOMEN

IT AIN'T FAIR...WHAT SHE'S DOING TO THESE MEN..AND WHAT SHE'S DOING TO ME / SHE'S A MESSENGER OF DEATH... AND SOONER OR LATER SHE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! IF I DON'T STOP HER... WHAT'S TO PREVENT HER..FROM DECIDING TO LET ME DROP SOME NIGHT ?



HELLO, DELL! JUST TESTING MY STRENGTH! I FEEL SO GOOD AT COMING INTO THE ACT!

DON'T WASTE ANY OF IT, GUY! SUPPOSE YOU COME ALONG WITH ME AND WE TALK THE ACT OVER!

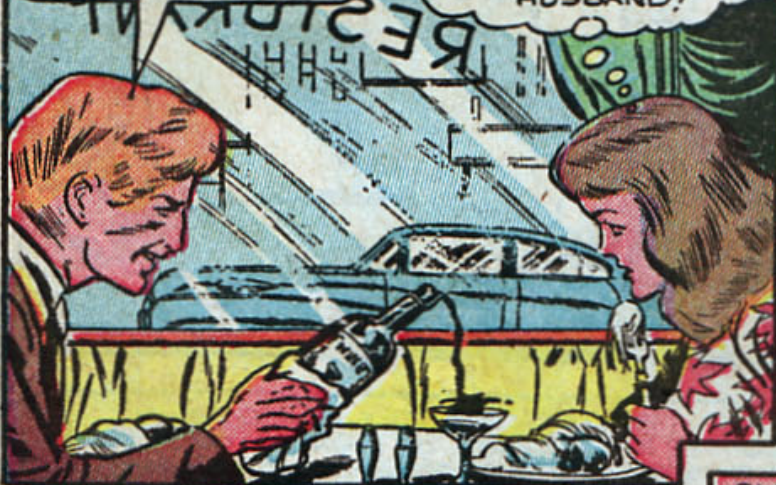


LATER...

IF I COULD WORK OUT A REAL GOOD SPECIALTY, THE ACT REALLY WOULD HAVE SOMETHING, DELL, AND WE COULD DEMAND MORE DOUGH!

IT'S AN IDEA!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! GUY WOULD MAKE A FINE PARTNER TO THE ACT... IF I COULD GET RID OF MY HUSBAND!



OR MAYBE I SHOULD START PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE...AND...IF THINGS WORK OUT RIGHT...I CAN GET RID OF BOTH OF THEM.. COLLECT THE INSURANCE..AND THEN START BUILDING A NEW ACT...



WITH THE GERM OF AN IDEA..DELL BEGAN TO PLAN...FOR DEATH!

THE DRUNKEN FOOL! I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM TO KILL HIMSELF ON THE HIGH WIRES! AND GET RID OF GUY, AT THE SAME TIME!



SLOWLY AND SUBTLY.. DELL BEGAN TO WORK ON HER HUSBAND...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, DELL! TRYING TO THROW ME OFF! YOU WERE TOO QUICK WITH YOUR SWING!

YOU'RE GETTING CARELESS, JOE!



THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE WITH DELL..IS SHE TRYING TO THROW ME OFF MY TIMING? HAS SHE DECIDED THAT I'VE BEEN WITH THE ACT TOO LONG..READY TO GO THE WAY OF TOM SPIRO?





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

I WASN'T OFF ON MY TIMING, DELL! YOU WEREN'T THERE AT THE RIGHT TIME!

YOU'RE OFF, JOE! BETTER WATCH YOURSELF! YOU NEED MORE PRACTICE. YOU'RE GETTING STALE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND JOE MUNDANE WAS PRACTICING IN THE HEAVENS...ALONE...

ALL THE PRACTICE IN THE WORLD WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD... JOE... FOR I'M GOING TO GET YOU...AND YOUR DEATH WILL PAY OFF... AND I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A GOOD FINISH, TOO!



FLIERS... LIKE YOU AND JOE, DELL, HAVE A CERTAIN GRACE THAT I'VE ALWAYS ENVIED!

THAT GRACE CAN BE LOST!... IN A MATTER OF SECONDS... BY A TOUCH OF FEAR! AND... THEN... IT'S ALL OVER... FOR THERE IS NO NET BELOW DURING A PERFORMANCE!



ON A HOT JUNE NIGHT, 1941, WHEN THE CIRCUS WAS SWINGING THROUGH THE SOUTHERN CIRCUIT... DELL MUNDANE PUT HER DEATH PLAN INTO OPERATION...

...THOSE DARING MUNDANES... WHO HAVE PERFORMED BEFORE THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE WITH THEIR DARING ACT!

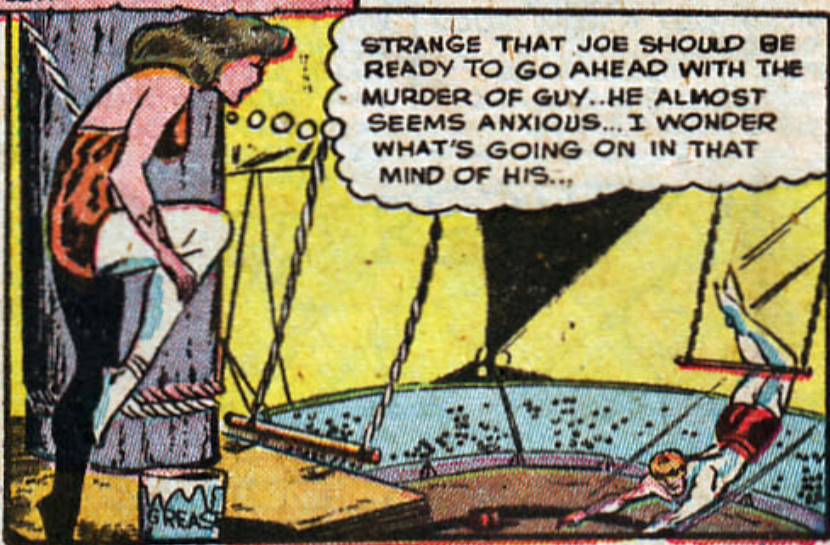
I'VE DECIDED, JOE! TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT... WE START COLLECTING THE INSURANCE!

OKAY, DELL! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT... THEN TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT... AND... MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... DELL PREPARED HERSELF FOR THE MURDER SHE WAS ABOUT TO COMMIT... BEFORE OVER TEN THOUSAND UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE...

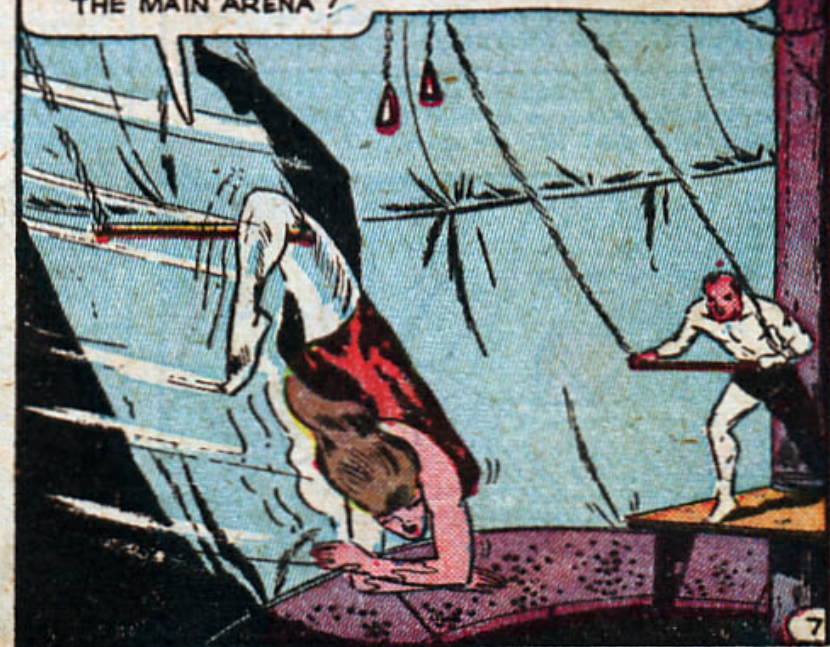
STRANGE THAT JOE SHOULD BE READY TO GO AHEAD WITH THE MURDER OF GUY... HE ALMOST SEEMS ANXIOUS... I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT MIND OF HIS...



I'VE GOT ENOUGH GREASE ON MY HANDS TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD... SO THAT WHEN HE COMES SWINGING AT ME... AND TRIES TO GRIP... HIS HANDS WILL SLIDE RIGHT OFF...



...AND IT WILL LOOK JUST LIKE AN ACCIDENT! I WONDER IF JOE KNOWS... OR EVEN SUSPECTS... THAT HE'S GOING TO DIE TONIGHT... ALMOST THE SAME WAY THAT SPIRO DIED... CRACKING UP IN THE MAIN ARENA!

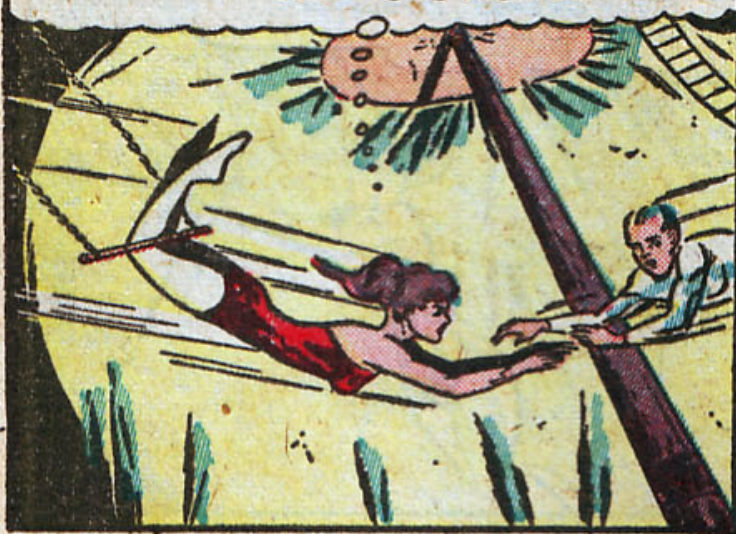




# CRIMES BY WOMEN

COME ON, JOE, OUR TIMING IS PERFECT TONIGHT!

PERFECT TIMING...FOR WHEN YOU TRY TO GRIP MY GREASE-SMEARED HANDS...YOU'LL LEARN THE AGONY OF SLIPPING TO YOUR DEATH...



HOLD MY HANDS, DELL! HOLD THEM, YOU SHE-DEVIL! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HANDS... THAT'S SO SLIPPERY! WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE RESIN BAG?

IT'S YOUR FINISH, JOE! I'M COLLECTING THE INSURANCE ON YOU TONIGHT!



YOU HAVEN'T WON, DELL! WE'VE BOTH LOST...WE'VE BOTH TEMPTED FATE... AS YOU'LL LEARN... AIEEE!

JOE...JOE...WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DID YOU DO?



SECONDS LATER...

HE'S FINISHED...WITH A CURSE AND A THREAT ON HIS LIPS! DID HE THINK THAT HE COULD SCARE ME? THE CROWD HAS HUSHED!...THEY ALWAYS DO...IT'S A SILENCE THAT CAN BE CUT WITH A KNIFE...



NOW TO FINISH THE ACT WITH GUY / THE GREASE OFF MY HANDS...AND THIS RESIN TO MAKE SURE THAT THERE'S NO SLIPPING NOW! WHAT A SHAME IT WOULD BE...IF I FORGOT THE GREASE AND TOOK A FALL MYSELF...WHEN I GO FROM GUY TO JOE'S TRAPEZE...



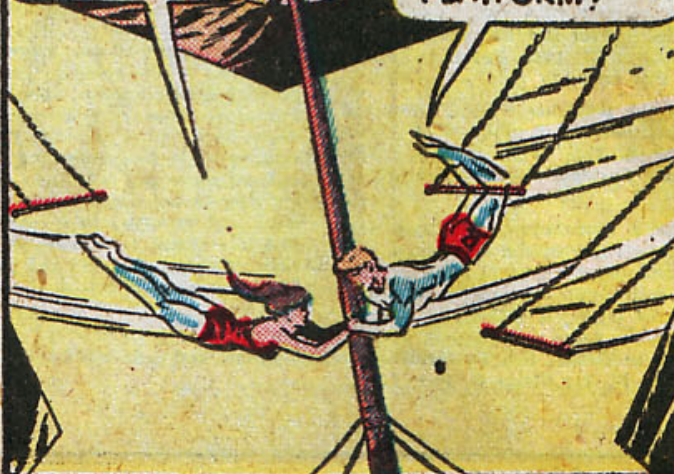
THERE GOES JOE'S TRAPEZE...AND IN A SECOND...I'LL BE HOLDING GUY'S WRISTS...AND THEN SWING OUT...THE SOMERSAULT...AND CATCH JOE'S TRAPEZE FOR THE FINALE...AND THE FINISH OF THE SHOW! ENOUGH WORK FOR ONE NIGHT!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE...GUY! JUST HOLD YOUR NERVE...AND NOTHING WILL GO WRONG!

YEAH...THE FUNNY THING IS THAT JOE KNEW SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN TONIGHT! HE TOLD ME ON THE PLATFORM!



TIMED PERFECTLY! IN A SECOND THE ACT WILL BE OVER...AND I CAN FORGET ABOUT JOE...AND HIS THREAT...THAT I WOULD NOT WIN TONIGHT!





# CRIMES BY WOMEN

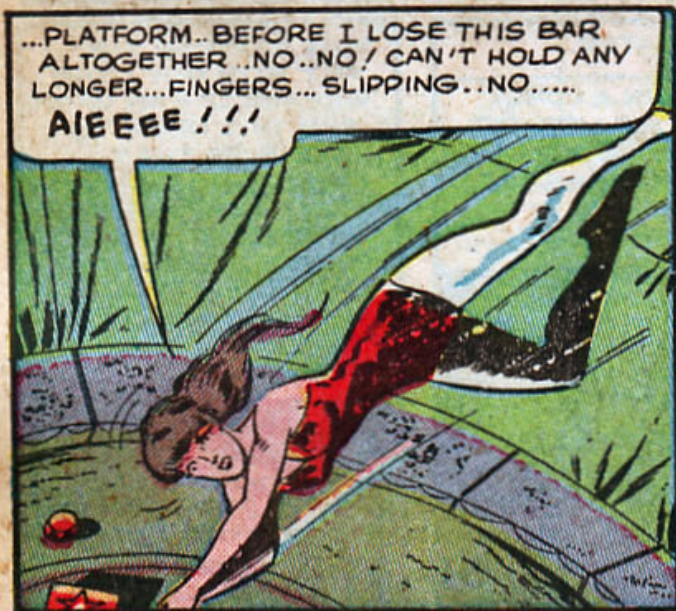
THE ROPE! IT'S BEEN CUT! IT'S TEARING LOOSE! JOE DID THIS TO ME.. HE MEANT TO GET ME TONIGHT... ONLY I GOT TO HIM FIRST! THE FOOL!.. WHY DID HE DO IT?



HE KNEW THE FINALE OF THE ACT WOULD COME.. AND THAT I'D HAVE TO GRAB HIS ROPE.. AND THEN I'D BE DONE! MY HANDS... CAN'T HOLD MUCH LONGER... STILL SOME GREASE.. I'M SLIPPING.. GOT TO TRY TO MAKE....



...PLATFORM.. BEFORE I LOSE THIS BAR ALTOGETHER.. NO.. NO! CAN'T HOLD ANY LONGER... FINGERS... SLIPPING.. NO..... AIEEEE!!!



AND THUS.. DELL MUNDANE.. MET HER DEATH.. A VICTIM OF HER OWN GREED.. FALLING AT THE SIDE OF THE HUSBAND SHE HAD JUST MURDERED..!

9

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946  
of CRIMES BY WOMEN published bi-monthly at 221 Conyngham Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for April, 1950.

State of New York } ss  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared V. S. Fox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of CRIMES BY WOMEN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, V. S. Fox, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Victor S. Fox, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Harold L. Ganz, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given); Fox Feature Syndicate, Inc., 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Victor S. Fox, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names and addresses of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

V. S. FOX, Publisher

Sworn and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1948.  
MARGUERITE GADE, Notary Public  
(Commission expires March 30, 1950).



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## MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places*, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

## TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Ciasp your hands over your *abdomen*, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days **FREE** at our expense!



## APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control*. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

ONLY.....\$3.98

## Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them **FREE** even if you return the girdle.

# FREE:

regular laces. You may keep them **FREE** even if you return the girdle.

## SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 221  
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.

☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26); ☐ Med. (27-28);

☐ Lf. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (33-36);

☐ XXXL (38-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

## SENT ON APPROVAL